

# THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 201.—VOL. VIII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped 5d.]

## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The Conference and the Sovereigns.  
Capital Punishment.  
Neo-Catholicism.  
The Divine Williams.  
The Spirit Power Institute.  
Our University Letter.

## THE CHURCH:—

Clerical Halls.  
The Alternations of Antichristianism.

## FINE ARTS:—

The Royal Academy.  
Meyerbeer.  
Music.  
The London Theatres.

## SCIENCE.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Memoirs of a Minister of State.

Rambles in Syrian Deserts.

The Small House at Allington.

The United States' Sanitary Commission.

Colonial Essays.

An Actor's Autobiography.

Learned Vagaries.

Emilia in England.

Poems by Helen Burnside.

Life-Lights of Song.

The First Use of the Microscope.

The Danes, Sketched by Themselves.

The Magazines.

Short Notices.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

Meetings of Learned Societies.

## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE evacuation of Alsen has been followed by that of Fredericia. The continental part of Denmark is now abandoned to the invaders, who are rigorously enforcing the utmost rights of war against the unfortunate population of Jutland. Forced contributions have been levied upon them, and in default of payment a number of Danes have been sent as hostages to Prussia. Nor is this all, for we are informed that the Germans intend to follow up their destruction of the Dannewerke by the destruction of Fredericia. Had the Austrians and Prussians plainly declared, when the sword was first drawn, that they regarded the outbreak of war as a release from all obligations into which they had entered either with Denmark or with the other European Powers; and that they held themselves free to obtain any advantages which conquest might confer upon them, it would have been puerile to direct any special indignation against either of these measures. The war would have been, as it is, a gross outrage upon international right; but, when once declared, it would have fairly involved all the consequences that have followed. But this was not the course taken by the German Powers. They shrank from provoking the resentment and, perhaps, the resistance of Europe, by avowing their intention to win from Denmark whatever superior force might give them. They cloaked their ultimate designs under hypocritical pretences of studiously calculated moderation; and, while they intended dismemberment, talked only of taking pledges. It is by these declarations that we are now entitled to try their conduct; and so tried, nothing can be more strongly marked by bad faith. A State which takes possession of part of another country, as a "pledge" or "material guarantee," has no right to interfere with the civil government of the province thus occupied more than is absolutely necessary for the purpose of the occupation; still less may it destroy the fortresses or fortifications which may fall into its hands. The Germans have done both these things in Slesvig; and they are evidently about to do both again in Jutland. And therefore it is, that wholly apart from the justice of the case, or the merits of the original quarrel, Europe has just cause of indignation against those who have violated engagements voluntarily entered into, and belied professions solemnly made. These professions are indeed now in process of being flung to the winds, not only by deeds but even in words. The Government, of Prussia at least, evidently feels that it is no longer necessary to put a fair face upon their policy. Their official journal openly proclaims that they seek "the national independence of the duchies" and their union with Germany. No such explicit declarations have reached us from Vienna; but after the manner in which Austria has allowed herself to be drawn by her Northern rival into one act of aggression after another, it would be

vain to expect from her statesmen a policy of greater moderation. Indeed, the conduct of both Powers, in reference to the Conference, is quite sufficient to dispel any hope that they would, even at the last moment, pay some respect to the opinion of Europe and the claims of justice. They have clearly made up their minds that no armistice shall be granted until they are in possession of the whole of Jutland; and this object they will doubtless attain by the old diplomatic manœuvre of leaving their plenipotentiaries in London without instructions, and thus compelling constant reference to the courts of Berlin and Vienna. But it seems almost unnecessary to take so much trouble. They might, according to all the information we possess, safely announce their intention to annex the whole or any part of the continental portion of Denmark. Louis Napoleon is evidently determined to leave Denmark to her fate, whatever it may be; and so long as France remains indifferent, and Russia inactive, England will do no more than prevent any invasion of the Danish islands. For the present, it suits our augur ally that successful wrong shall take its way unchecked. Austria and Prussia will, however, probably some day discover that he does not intend it should eventually pass unpunished.

The debate which took place in the House of Lords a few nights ago, with respect to the detention of the steam rams in the Mersey, did not exhibit the conduct of the Government in a very creditable light. It is of course possible that between the 1st September, when the Foreign Secretary told Mr. Adams that he could not detain these vessels on mere suspicion, and the 5th, when the determination to prevent their leaving Liverpool was come to, such evidence may have reached her Majesty's Government as justified this change of purpose. But if this had really been the case, we can scarcely doubt that an order would have been issued for their immediate seizure instead of their mere detention. Had there been legal proof of a *prima facie* character forthcoming, the Government would assuredly have resorted to a legal measure. The fact that they adopted one confessedly illegal, affords a strong presumption that they had nothing better to go upon than that very suspicion, which they had previously declared to be an insufficient warrant for interfering with the trade or confiscating the property of a British subject. Certainly this presumption is much strengthened when we find that Mr. Adams had in the meantime subjected them to a very inconvenient pressure. At present there seems every reason to believe that an arbitrary act was perpetrated by the Executive Government, at the instance of a foreign Power. Indeed, Earl Russell almost confessed as much, for his reply to Lord Derby consisted mainly of vague declarations against Messrs. Lairds for having done, what they are not



yet proved to have done; and of strong assertions of the desirableness of remaining at peace with the United States. But although we are fully sensible of the importance of peace, we cannot admit that it is expedient to seek it by dishonourable concessions. And while we should not be inclined to censure any step taken by the Executive in fulfilment of our duties as neutrals, if we were convinced that the Government had acted voluntarily and in the *bonâ-fide* belief that these measures were required by international law, we must say that the correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams, when read with that between the Treasury and the Messrs. Laird raises serious misgivings on this subject. The conduct of the Administration throughout the transaction was not that of men who believed they were doing what was right; but that of men who were trying to keep out, or get out, of a scrape. Their attitude and their acts were from first to last singularly undignified. It may have been merely their misfortune, but they certainly always seemed to be moving at the instigation of the American Minister. And, as was quite natural if they had an uneasy sense that they were playing a rather pitiful part, they showed an eagerness to catch at straws and a credulous openness to hoaxes, which have covered the Foreign Secretary with ridicule. Be the fate of the steam rams what it may, nothing can diminish the absurdity of Lord Russell's apprehensions that they were in danger of being forcibly abducted by the crew of the *Florida*, or restore our confidence in the knowledge or perspicacity of a Minister who could be taken in by so clumsy a forgery as the pretended despatch of the Confederate Naval Secretary.

The thunders of the Vatican have once more broken over the head of an Emperor. The Pope moved, no doubt, by a high sense of duty, and by a profound feeling of indignation at the wrongs inflicted by the Czar upon the Roman Catholic population of Poland, has just delivered a very remarkable allocution in a consistory held at Rome. The unanimous voice of the civilised world will echo the charge which he has solemnly brought against the Sovereign of Russia—that, after having driven his subjects to insurrection, he is now endeavouring, under the pretext of suppressing the rebellion, to deprive them of all that is characteristic of their nationality, or endeared to them by political or religious feeling. Considering the persecution which has undoubtedly been exercised in Poland against the priests and professors of the Roman Catholic religion, his Holiness would undoubtedly have been wanting to his position had he not joined in that general protest, which seems to be all that the world can offer, by way of stemming the tide of ruthless oppression. This allocution is not without political importance, for it tends to keep alive in Roman Catholic countries the animosity which recent events have excited against Russia. Nor is it unmarked by a degree of political courage, for which the Pope deserves full credit. It will not be forgotten at St. Petersburg; and if ever the question of maintaining the temporal power comes up for discussion amongst European statesmen, it will probably exert a material influence upon the policy of Russia. Pius IX. could not be blind to this probable effect of his address; and he is therefore entitled to the praise of having at least dared and risked something for the sake of the unfortunate Poles—praise to which no other European sovereign can put forward the slightest claim.

The French have for some years flattered themselves that Algeria was thoroughly subdued. The Arabs seemed completely tamed, and sanguine statesmen believed that they were being reconciled to a foreign yoke. This dream has been rudely dissipated within the last few days. It is not in India alone that a ruling caste may remain in ignorant security while a spirit of rebellion is fermenting amongst the subject race. There is reason to believe that the native population have been for some time looking forward to a rising in 1864, which a popular prophecy had fixed as the term of the infidel domination. But none of the French officers seem to have been aware of this; and it is at all events admitted that the Duke of Malakoff was taken completely by surprise. The precise extent of the insurrection is not known, nor is it likely to be, considering the careful supervision which is certain to be exercised over all the accounts that are given to the world. But the large number of troops despatched from France shows that the revolt is one of serious dimensions, and, so far as we can gather it, is not by any means confined to one district. We are assured that the contemporaneous movement in Tunis,

where 20,000 Arabs are said to be in arms, will not produce any effect in Algeria. But such assurances are not worth much. The probability is that there is a common excitement spreading throughout the whole of the wild and savage Mussulman tribes of both provinces. And while there can be no doubt of the ultimate result, tranquillity is not likely to be restored without a considerable expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of France.

Although the military news received by the last mail from America is not very important, it warrants the expectation that the war will soon be resumed in earnest upon the principal theatre of operations. The Federal Government have, as is usual, secured the power of giving to the intelligence from Virginia any colour they may choose, by prohibiting the transmission of news from that quarter. But although under these circumstances nothing was known positively it was believed in Washington that the armies of both Lee and Grant were in motion; and that Longstreet is once more moving down the Shenandoah valley, the scene of so many Confederate successes. A battle cannot, therefore, be long delayed. In the meantime the tide of success seems to be steadily running against the Federals in other States. It seems now quite certain that the story of a victory gained by Banks on the day after his defeat at Pleasant Hill was a mere invention of the Government; and that the object of his ill-starred expedition has for the present been entirely abandoned. Nor is it immaterial to notice, as a proof of the strength and energy which the Confederates can display in the State of Louisiana, which has just been re-annexed to the Union by a *Bogus* election, that the Federal fleet while dropping down the Red River was assailed with spirit, although without success. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable recent achievement of the Southerners is their naval victory off the town of Plymouth in North Carolina. This town, the possession of which is highly valued by the Federals as the basis of some prospective operations against the railway communications between Virginia and the Southern States of the Confederacy, was attacked on the 17th ult. by a land force under General Ransome. The attack was repulsed, mainly by the fire which the Federal gun-boats on the Roanoke river were able to direct against the assailants. On the following day, however, the Confederates renewed the struggle, and this time on the element which is supposed to be particularly favourable to the North. The manner in which they did this shows how far ingenuity and ability can compensate for that deficiency in material resources, which, according to Northern prophets, was long ago to have been fatal to Southern independence. A Southern ram made an unexpected and unwelcome appearance, and not only put to flight the opposing flotilla, but sunk three of the vessels of which it was composed. According to the latest accounts, this ram remained in possession of the river below Plymouth, completely isolating the garrison of that place, which it was feared must soon be abandoned. Apprehensions were entertained that the evacuation of Newbern would also become necessary. In that case, such hold as the Federals have gained upon the coast of North Carolina would be pretty nearly at an end. In addition to these disasters, they have been obliged to retire from Fort Pilatka, in Florida, while they have not yet been able to arrest the operations of Forrest, or to defeat the Confederate guerillas who have just burned the town of Hickman, in Kentucky. In short, the accounts of the last mail are an almost unvarying tale of Northern defeat and retrogression. No doubt the reverses which they have recently suffered will not be attended with any serious consequences if Grant should succeed in inflicting a decisive defeat on Lee, and should at last enter the long-threatened city of Richmond. But if Lee defeats Grant, or even if the operations in Virginia are protracted for some time without any marked result, the events we have just noticed will be fertile in embarrassment to the Washington Government. Nor is that government without its difficulties of another kind. The financial problem is becoming daily more unmanageable. Gold rises steadily in price, and it is beginning to be seen that if the war continues all Mr. Chase's ingenuity will not be able to avoid the necessity of imposing a large amount of additional taxes. The movement of the labouring classes for an increase in the rate of wages, as a compensation for the depreciation in greenbacks, shows that the satisfaction with which the speculators of New York regard



the present state of things is by no means shared by the industrial part of the population. And, although it is notorious that the army has obtained nothing like the number of recruits for which the President called, the Government have been once more compelled to make an implied admission of the weakness of Northern patriotism by postponing the draft. But Mr. Lincoln is probably not so much troubled by any of these things as by the fact that his popularity appears to be steadily declining, and that his chance of being re-elected President is daily diminishing. It is possible, however, that he contents himself with the reflection that, although he cannot influence opinion, he may, before the decisive day of election arrives, be able to command, or dispense with, votes.

#### THE CONFERENCE AND THE SOVEREIGNS.

THAT the policy of England is utterly baffled, that her name is trampled on, and her wishes derided, are the sole points which the Conference can be said yet to have registered. Nor have we even the poor boast that this has been done by the astuteness of foreign diplomacy outwitting our plain insular understandings. It has been effected by the deliberate and avowed insolence of contempt, which, gazing us full in the face, has step by step moved onward, as we have step by step recoiled. When German enthusiasm demanded Federal execution in Holstein, we permitted it, declaring that if Slesvig were touched we could not leave Denmark unsupported. When Slesvig was occupied by Prussia and Austria, we announced that if Jutland was invaded Denmark should not stand alone. When Jutland was overrun we declared that it was a gross violation of treaties, and inquired whether the aggressive Powers meant to respect treaties. When they replied that they did, unless the continuance of the war should afford a pretext for breaking them, our Ministers accepted the explanation and remained passive. When the Austrian fleet was ordered to the North, we sent for the Channel fleet, and stationed it in the Downs, and we now hear that the Austrians have calmly steered past, and are in the Elbe and Weser. When we summoned a Conference to restore peace, we were called on to allow it to be delayed till a bloody battle had been fought and a new position acquired, and we succumbed. When it actually met we found that the plenipotentiaries sent to treat of peace had not even instructions to consider of a truce, and we gave them time to send home for directions while continuing the war. What new degradation we shall be subjected to, who can predict? But if past events afford an omen of the future, it is at least certain that we shall quietly submit to whatever is imposed upon us.

In these circumstances, it pleases some of our contemporaries to lay the blame on every other Power but ourselves, and to charge our humiliation alternately on the violence of Prussia, the jealousy of Austria, and the selfishness of France. We cannot accept this flattering unctio. All these Powers have a very obvious policy in their present conduct. Prussia means to extend her frontier, and conciliate her democracy. Austria cannot afford to allow Prussia sole predominance in any German question. France has no interest in the preservation of Denmark, but a very strong interest in her own recognition as arbiter of the destinies of Europe, and in formally establishing the principle that a strong State may annex a weak one, and that a powerful race may absorb, on the plea of "the wishes of the populations," the territory into which it has overflowed. It may be that all these motives are of ambition only, but they are at least comprehensible. They may be reprobated by strict morality, but they are plausible in the eye of patriotism. But the peculiarity of our own position is that we are following a course at once despicable and hurtful. We are breaking our own pledged faith, abdicating our place in Europe, and shutting our ears to the cry of the oppressed—and for what? To preserve for the moment a peace which these very events render certain to be broken, to deprive ourselves of our natural ally in any future war, to destroy the chief bulwark in the north of Europe against the spread of despotic barbarism, to hand over the key of the Baltic commerce to our rivals in trade, and our foes in policy. It is idle in us, while we are doing this, to complain that we are not saved from the consequences of our own inert baseness by the active exertions of other States. We only add to the humiliation we are undergoing when we weakly pule about their sacrifice of right to self-interest, at the very moment that we ourselves will not move a finger for either duty or interest. And those who insist that we can take no step in Europe unless with the previously assured concurrence of France, ought to remember that by thus

elevating France to be the mistress of the Continent, we are adding to her strength, and enabling her to secure in detail the future subservience of those nations, both in the north and south of Europe, which would at this period have been ready to join us in a combination too powerful for her to dare to menace.

But if we cannot find the explanation of our abjectness in either our own advantage or in the default of other potentates, it is equally certain that we shall not find it in the expressed desires of this nation at large. The debates in the Lords, the cheers in the Commons, the enthusiasm of public assemblies, the conversation in private intercourse, give positive assurance that the great bulk of the people of this country would have received with delight the determination of Government to adopt a bolder and honester course. If that tendency of the public mind has not been more strenuously demonstrated, it is owing to the very peculiar position of the leaders of parties. The Whigs are the Government, and we know what they have done. The Tories criticize, but do not promise. The Radicals have for chiefs two men whose vote is always against war, or any procedure which may savour of war. Thus public opinion is stifled by the want of a mouthpiece. And meantime those classes whose souls are wholly given to money making, and to whom a fall in the funds is bankruptcy, take the benefit of the silence to lift up their voices in loud deprecation of any interference with events, and proclaim oracularly that England cannot go to war for other people. So the nation becomes confused and stupified with shame and misunderstanding; it imagines that its natural chiefs see further than it can, and, with admirable order and patience, it submits even to disgrace and loss because of its trust in the honour and wisdom of its veteran statesmen.

But in this situation there rises the question, delicate, perhaps, yet of moment, in the present and for all time, so tremendous as to overshadow delicacy. Is the foreign policy of the Government, which the Opposition denounces, but dares not disclaim, really that of our statesmen? By our Constitution we know that the conduct of foreign affairs stands in a peculiar and anomalous position. It is not amenable to the direct control of Parliament. It is subject to the Sovereign only, and though Ministers may doubtless be turned out of office for any step which Parliament afterwards considers objectionable, yet the step itself is irrevocable. This principle was laid down by Lord Palmerston the other night, when he refused to give Parliament an opportunity of discussing the treaty which the Conference might agree to, until after it should be ratified. Now we know, also, that the foreign policy of the country, while thus removed from Parliamentary jurisdiction, is not vested solely in the Ministers for the time being. For it is only a dozen years since Lord Palmerston himself was ejected from the Foreign Office for transmitting a despatch not previously sanctioned by the chief of the Cabinet, and the rule was then explicitly announced that no despatch should thenceforth be forwarded until it had been submitted to, perused, and approved, by the Queen in person. Furthermore, we have very lately been informed by her Majesty herself, that she cannot undertake duties of ceremony, because her time is so wholly taken up by duties of substance. We must therefore assume, on the highest authority, that among the duties which she thus personally performs is that of, at least, reading, correcting, authorizing, or vetoing the despatches in which the foreign policy of this nation is defined and directed.

This much is certain. But rumour, supported by some evidence of facts, has lately gone farther. It has been observed that both Lords Russell and Palmerston have, in Parliament, in speaking of the aggressions of Germany, used language amounting to threats, which threats have not been carried out. This is not the habit of English statesmen, least of all of statesmen of such large experience and ripe years. It has been observed, also, that the journal which is in such matters understood to be inspired by the Premier himself, has consistently advocated a policy of action such as would make good these threats. It has been observed, too, that Lord Derby, after for a certain time supporting a policy of action, has suddenly come to the rescue of Government from defeat on such an issue. From these facts the public draws the inference that the actual policy which has been adopted has been moved, not by the convictions of the Ministry, but by the deference which both they and the heads of the Opposition are disposed to pay to the personal wishes of the Sovereign in a matter in which the Constitution makes her despotic, and in which her own practice has made her arbiter. If the public is wrong in this, it will gladly be corrected; but such correction has been vainly asked for in Parliament, and we ourselves, some weeks ago,



invited it in vain. Therefore, till corrected, this explanation of our foreign policy is naturally assumed and believed to be true.

If it should be so, we need scarcely point out how greatly the fact is to be deprecated. Most deplorable at all times is discord between the sentiments of Sovereign and people;—in England, happily, it has been rare. The wisest and greatest of our rulers have ever most readily obviated it, by conceding their own desires to the conviction of their statesmen and their people. They have remembered that, though the Constitution makes them in form despotic, yet they are under the solemn obligation to use their powers and place for the good of their subjects, and that good never can be effected by enforcing the views of one person against the opinion of a nation. And the nation, jealous always for its honour and duty, has ever felt bound to remonstrate against being pledged, by a single will, to a course of which it disapproved. It were surely an anomaly too strange to be witnessed in this century, if the thirty millions of Englishmen and Englishwomen, if the statesmen who have spent their lives in the service of the country, should be forced, in deference to the personal feelings of one exalted Lady, most admirable as she is in all the private relations of life, to yield up their belief of what honour, public faith, the welfare of the State, and the interests of Europe in all time to come, demand now at their hands.

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE interesting debate on Mr. Ewart's motion for abolishing capital punishment was marked by an incident which did not escape the notice of the House. When an hon. member was dilating upon the terrible responsibility thrown upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department by the present mode of exercising the royal prerogative, Sir George Grey covered his temples with his hand, as if the recollection of the anxiety and distress he had suffered was almost too great to be borne. Mr. Bright alluded to this posture of dejection when he said—"After all that the right hon. gentleman has gone through in these painful cases, I wonder almost that he has not been driven stark mad many a time." There is some reason to hope that Sir George Grey will be the last Home Secretary who will be called upon, unaided, to discharge such solemn duties as are imposed upon that Minister under the present cruel and defective state of the law; for the Government have consented to the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the subject of capital punishment. Sir George Grey objected to refer the question, whether the punishment of death should be maintained or abolished, to the Commission. But short of this, he promised to accept the motion of Mr. Neate in its widest sense. The Commissioners will be instructed to inquire into the provisions and operation of the law under which the punishment of death is inflicted. They will inform themselves in regard to the manner in which the law has been executed in the United Kingdom; and they will report whether it is desirable to make any alteration of the law in these respects. The House of Commons expressed no opinion on Tuesday whether it would be expedient or safe to abolish capital punishment in aggravated cases of murder. Into this abstract question we do not now propose to enter. Our present purpose is to point out the various directions which the inquiry of the Commissioners will take, and the important influence which their report is likely to exercise in the amelioration of the present criminal law.

1. The most important subject which will occupy the attention of the Royal Commission is the English law of murder. The punishment of death is only inflicted for murder, but murder has many shades of guilt. A man or woman prisoner who administers infinitesimal doses of arsenic or strychnine to near relatives, and coolly sees them linger and die in horrible torments, is guilty of murder. So is a man who, in a drunken brawl, and under some presumably strong provocation, murders the woman with whom he cohabits. So is the husband of a few months who, under the influence of a pardonable jealousy and outraged feelings, takes the life of his wife. Yet the public instinctively feel that there is a wide distinction between murderers like Palmer and the child poisoner, Mrs. Chesham, on the one hand, and criminals like Hall and Wright on the other. Murder, by the law of England, is committed when death is inflicted in the act of committing a felony, though there is neither premeditation nor intention to kill, nor even to do serious injury to the person killed. Whatever the degree of guilt the penalty is death, and the judge is bound to pass sentence and leave the convict for execution. Under a law so stringent, many homicides are punishable with death in this country which are not regarded as deserving of capital punish-

ment in other countries. It is doubtful whether Wright would have been hanged in any other country but England. Mr. Bright, who may be regarded as having rescued Hall from the gallows, told Sir George Grey, when he waited upon him with the Birmingham deputation, that there is not a country in Europe, or a state among the Free States of North America, in which Hall would be put to death. The Lord Chancellor has intimated an opinion that the definition and classification of the law of England with respect to the several degrees of murder, is most imperfect. It is more humanely defined in France, and is still more accurately defined in the several States of America, where the various degrees of murder are laid down with the punishments affixed. The only mode in which the harshness of our law of murder can be tempered is by an appeal to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who acts upon no fixed principles and cannot override the law. Sometimes he is moved by public opinion and clamour to save a criminal like Hall, and sometimes public opinion and clamour are vainly employed to save a man like Wright, who is thereupon regarded as a martyr. It will be the duty of the Commission to consider how the law of murder in this country may be better defined and classified, so as to become more humane, and for this purpose the Commission will collect information in regard to the law and practice of other countries.

2. The Royal Commission will next inquire into the practice of the Home Office in exercising the royal prerogative of mercy. At present the Home Secretary is the sole and supreme judge of a Court of Criminal Appeal. He hears parties, some of whom are responsible, and others irresponsible. He confers with the judge who tries the case, but he must not close his ear even to the attorney of the prisoner. He receives memorials from the convict's friends and neighbours, pointing out special reasons for exercising the royal prerogative; deputations of humanitarians who object to capital punishment on principle and in all cases; and "appeals (the Lord Chancellor declares) of the most unscrupulous character." The trial is public, but the case is revised and the sentence of the judge is reversed in secret. The public in some cases suspect backstairs influence; in others they think they trace political influence. The decision of a court of justice, where judge and jury act under the most solemn sanctions, is set aside on grounds of the nature of which the public are ignorant. The Home Secretary reads the newspapers as well as consults the judges, and is only too glad if he can shift the burden of responsibility, as in the case of Townley, upon the doctors, and, in the cases of Jessie McLachlan and Hall, upon that combination of sentiment which is called "public opinion." The Royal Commissioners must consider the proposal of Lord Ellenborough, that the Sovereign in Council should decide upon every case in which capital punishment was inflicted. This was the ancient course of proceeding. The Recorder of the city of London, thirty-five years ago, used to bring before the King in Council his report on capital sentences. Every member of the Government was summoned, with the addition of the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The King was present at these meetings, and took part in the discussions that arose. Lord Ellenborough stated that George IV. regarded this duty as one of the most important which he had to discharge. It was necessary to relieve the youthful Queen from the duty of being present at such painful debates; but Lord Ellenborough would make the Government and the Lord Chief Justice in Council responsible for every capital punishment, and would not insist on the presence of the sovereign. The Lord Chancellor agrees in the necessity of relieving the Home Secretary of the sole responsibility, and would appoint an auxiliary tribunal, whose proceedings should be as public as those of the Assize Court.

3. The Royal Commissioners will ascertain the experience of foreign countries in order to assist Parliament in deciding whether, and to what extent, capital punishment can be wisely and beneficially remitted. Capital punishment is said to have been abolished in Russia for the last hundred years. In Belgium, the death penalty is practically in disuse. In France, juries find extenuating circumstances in almost every murder, in order to save the life of the criminal. The example of Tuscany, some of the Swiss Cantons, and some of the Federal States of America, is also quoted to prove that the people find themselves equally secure and justice more certain when capital punishment is abolished.

4. The Commissioners will be empowered to inquire into the question of private as opposed to public executions. The Bishop of Oxford moved for a committee of the Upper House, two or three years ago, to consider this subject. It included three Lord Chancellors—Brougham, Campbell, and St.



Leonards, and also the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Stanhope, Lord Lyttelton and the Bishop of Oxford. The Committee recommended that murderers should be executed within the walls of their prison instead of in public, precautions being taken to convince the country that the criminals were really put out of the world. The practice of some American States is adduced in support of private executions.

The expediency of retaining capital punishment will be incidentally, if not formally, raised throughout the Blue-book which, before the opening of next session, we may expect from the Commissioners. Public opinion is at present in a shifting and unsettled state, but there prevails in so many quarters a belief that the fear of capital punishment often saves life, that it is necessary to proceed with caution, for fear of a reaction in the public mind. The moment is not the most opportune for abolishing death punishment, when our system of secondary punishments has so little terror for criminals that it has just been declared a failure. The English public would not like to hear that Courvoisier survived all the brothers of Lord William Russell, or to know that Mr. William Palmer, stout, clean-shaved, and rosy about the gills, was passing a calm old age, with little or nothing to do, in some distant colony. The masses would feel a violent temptation to resort to Lynch law in the case of some peculiarly cruel and cold-blooded murder, if Mr. Ewart and his friends were permitted to abolish capital punishment before public opinion was ripe for the change.

#### NEO-CATHOLICISM.

THE decease of the *Home and Foreign Review*—the organ of English Liberal Catholicism—is an event of much interest, not merely to Catholics, but to the literary world at large. The *Review* in question was not only remarkable for the great ability with which it was conducted: it was an ingenious attempt to combine orthodox Catholic principles and an acknowledgment of the authority of Rome, with freedom of thought in science and in politics. The attempt has been at last laid reluctantly aside. The Vatican has thundered, not indeed directly against the *Home and Foreign Review*, but against a similar movement in Germany. Learned and studious Catholics, both there and here, had been entertaining dreams of a development and progress of opinion even within the Church itself—of an approaching time when the Congregation of the Index would abandon the ostrich policy of closing their eyes to the inconvenient truths of history and science—dreams, in short, of a Liberal and Educated Catholicism which might keep pace with the procession of the times. The hope has been killed, and the dream has faded. The Head of the Church has at last distinctly enunciated the necessity of thorough subordination to the Chair of St. Peter, and silenced the voices of the thinkers and scholars in the ranks. There is something excessively striking in the manner in which the *Home and Foreign Review* gives way. It confesses that it thinks the Pope wrong, and that it believes he is doing an injury to the Church. But it refuses to give the world outside the triumph of seeing a Catholic journal thwarting the will of the Holy See, and setting its authority at defiance. Accordingly the managers have resolved, of their own accord, to discontinue the publication, trusting to happier times to bring the Pope and the majority of Catholics to a better mind. They have offered themselves unasked to the bowstring, and the *Home and Foreign Review* will not again appear.

In the history of every institution which is full of human imperfection, the same kind of episode is to be found. It is no uncommon thing to see men of genius and enlarged sympathy labouring like Sisyphus to reform and mould to the temper of one age what was designed in and for ages of totally different requirements. The struggle is often so gallant and so self-denying on the part of the enthusiasts that it touches our hearts to see their toil and passion entirely thrown away, and the great machine for whose improvement they have been yearning, rolling on omnipotently in its old groove, crushing with cruel indifference beneath its weight its best friends and lovers. The French Revolution gave birth to a number of brilliant and desperate reformatory efforts of the kind within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. How to reconcile the Vatican and liberty has been the ideal problem of every great Catholic for the last sixty years, whether he were theologian or politician. We see the beginning of the movement in the *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*—we see its abortive and illusory success in the history of 1848—we see its final discomfiture in the career of Lamennais, of Frohschammer, of Lacordaire, in the present political attitude of the Court of Rome, and, lastly, in the Papal Brief of January last, and the consequent cessation of

the *Review* in question. One after another, in the romantic aspiration of their hearts, Catholic writers of genius have been turning to the Vatican, crying to it to take heart and to inaugurate that new policy for the Church which is demanded by the age, but which cannot be inaugurated successfully except at Rome. "The Pope himself shall lead us," has been their cry. One after another they have got back the same chilling and stern answer of *Non possumus*. The Church cannot change the policy marked out for her in the past. The Pope cannot sympathize with the romantic loyalty of his petitioners. *Semper eadem* is Rome's motto in matters of dogma; *Semper eadem* must be its motto also in matters of policy and opinion.

It is not unnatural that the Italian hierarchy of Rome should entertain very different views from the more learned Catholics in Germany and in France both as to the policy to be observed by the Papal See and the authority of its decisions. It is possible that St. Peter's Chair may become too Italian for the best interests of the Church; and it is above all things clear that the political difficulties of the Vatican exercise the most unhealthy influence upon its spiritual and theological ideas. The Pope of Rome is in a peculiar position. He is not infallible; he may err and has erred in politics and in polemics alike, as Roman Catholics themselves confess; yet, like the captain of a great ship, he is acknowledged to be supreme on board; and even if he is mistaken, it is not for those who sail under his flag to gainsay or correct him. Such is the light in which he is doubtless regarded by the best Catholics on this side of the Alps. When the Pope acts, they have not accordingly the consolation of being able to believe that he is right, and that they are under a delusion. They have to submit to the humiliation of feeling that the commander and guide of the Catholic Church is inferior in tact, in ability, and in knowledge to many of his followers, and yet, for the sake of discipline, of prudence, and of example, they drop their hands in submission, and obey his lead. Theology has then its bitter side for all except the Papist section of the Roman Catholic world. A belief in the destiny of the Roman Church itself, and of the Divine protection which may be supposed to overshadow it, is the only comfort for those of its fold who see its opportunities wasted and its genius cramped by the incompetency of its rulers.

Regarded, then, from the point of view of liberal Roman Catholics, the *mot d'ordre* that has issued from Rome is disheartening in the extreme. But more impartial spectators may possibly incline to ask whether liberal Catholicism itself is not a vision of Utopia. The spectacle of the present embarrassment of learning in the Church of Rome cannot but suggest to those morbid inquirers who fancy that inside her borders is to be found that logical standing-ground which they fail to discover in Protestantism, that the same anxieties, perplexities, and disappointments are to be found within her boundaries as those of which they complain without. The Church of Rome, we are often told, offers satisfaction to those who want the voice of authority to resolve their doubts. The curtain for a moment rises on her domestic life, in the last dying speech and confession of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Is the scene behind reassuring for those who are about to become proselytes of the gate? Where is the authority so often spoken of, that is to minister to diseased minds? How has it ministered already to the diseased minds in Germany and in England? Restlessness and uncertainty do not seem to have been successfully exorcised even from the enchanted garden of Rome, where the sun, we are given to understand, is always shining, and the birds always singing. The Protestant who craves for his soul and for his reason those opiates and those narcotics which Providence has not willed that man should enjoy, may wander, if it pleases him, in their quest to the Church of De Maistre and of Lamennais. But he will find, it seems, no opiates there. He will see a group of earnest and eager reasoners enduring to be silenced, but not even professing to be convinced, by the voice of a narrow-minded prelate in every respect their own inferior. Talk of illogical positions, what position on earth is more illogical than theirs? They wish the opinions of the Vatican to alter and to develop, though the dogmas of the Church are to be immutable. Who then is to draw the line between dogma and opinion? The *Home and Foreign Review* repudiates on this subject the sceptical theories of Frohschammer. Frohschammer may be less orthodox and less Catholic, but he is immeasurably more logical than the *Home and Foreign Review*. Despite the anxious desires of Roman Catholics, the Vatican still enforces upon its children acquiescence in the ignorant and intolerant policy that has not changed since the days of Galileo.

Such a policy may triumph in the end;—for, as we have said,



liberal Catholicism is like the desert's own mirage,—but it will not triumph unopposed. We cannot indeed but gather from the many signs of the times that Roman Catholicism is destined to undergo not merely external tempest, but internal commotion. Taking a large view of its interests in England, the *Home and Foreign Review* has determined not to give battle to the Vatican in a matter in which it holds firmly that the Vatican is blundering. The *Review* is conducted by temperate and self-denying men, who seem to be born with an unlimited capacity for adhesion to the religion of their fathers. But they cannot expect that in Germany, or even in this country, their example of moderation will be followed. It is not in human nature that it should be so. They will find it difficult to prove, logically, that acquiescence in the decisions of a foolish pope is a matter of anything more than discretion and wise judgment. Others, who are not so firmly wedded to their communion, and who regard truth as of more importance than Roman Catholicism itself, will not be so discreet; and if mild and courteous scholars receive in unsympathetic silence the Papal Brief of last December, hundreds of impetuous Catholic laymen will soon begin to smile at it.

#### THE DIVINE WILLIAMS.

ACCORDING to the testimony of one of the evening papers, a French writer, commenting, during the past month, on the Shakespeare Tercentenary, in a moment of enthusiasm described the great poet as *le divin Williams*. To be called the divine Williams by a Frenchman is a species of apotheosis which the living Shakespeare probably never contemplated. In the course of the last few months the spirit of Shakespeare has gone through a strange ordeal, and found itself introduced to the strangest of companions. Impartial observers, on a view of the whole proceedings, will be inclined to think that immortality has its drawbacks, and may be purchased dearly. It seems to mean the familiar admiration of people whose acquaintance with literature is of a rough and slatternly kind, and who know of Shakespeare about as much as they do of Garibaldi. There is something very earthly about immortality when it takes this shape. Viewed from the Tercentenary point of view, the divine Williams is not so bad a name for the Swan of Avon. A Frenchman invented it by accident, but Englishmen of all classes appear to have accepted it without reserve. There is just that mixture of the god and the snob about it which answers to the idea of the ideal popular author. We can understand why a people's tree should be planted to a divine Williams, and how it might, without indecorum, be watered to the sound of Miss Eliza Cook's poetical effusions. The name seems to clear up everything, and to put the whole of the festivities in a rational light. The injuries of Mr. Bellew, the correspondence of the committee, the revolt of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Fechter, the bickerings, the jealousies, and the ambitions of local and metropolitan busybodies, are made at once congenial and consistent. They felt that they were about to observe a festival sacred to the memory of a divine Williams. Thus his admirers had succeeded in achieving with Shakespeare what the Richardsons and the Potters, with their swords and their snuff-boxes, were attempting to do for Garibaldi. The tendency of the age is evidently anti-classical. We do not care to have our heroes reserved, distant, and statuesque. We like them affable and jovial; and if there is one object of our national ambition clearer than another, it is to have the Temple of Fame turned into a people's tea-garden. This year brings us the three hundredth birthday of the divine Williams. Let it be sacred to brass bands, to tobacco, and to skittles.

There is nothing unnatural or extraordinary if even Messrs. Moses & Son have come forward among the crowd of worshippers to prove in print that the divine Williams understood the philosophy of clothes. Of course he did. The divine Williams might, doubtless, in the opinion of Messrs. Moses, have been seen, in his day, on a Sunday afternoon, going up Primrose-hill in a flowered vest, and with a flower in his mouth, like any other happy snob. Shakespeare, under his new name and in his new character, is hundreds of miles nearer to the Minorities than he ever was before, and being the people's poet, need not be ashamed of the people's tailor. It is true that Shakespeare himself does not appear to have rated tailors very highly. This, of course, only shows that Shakespeare, like Homer, has his faults. Messrs. Moses are right to pass over in dignified silence the passages in which he has treated their own high calling with unbecoming levity. Such badinage was doubtless characteristic of the heartlessness and rudeness of the times in which Shakespeare wrote, and

could not be treated with too great indifference by the foremost ornaments of a great profession. But though Shakespeare underrated the artists, it must be remembered, in return, that he seems to have been fully alive to the importance of the art. It is now a trite observation, after a week of speeches on the subject of Shakespeare's genius, to say that Shakespeare's knowledge of ordinary things is remarkable. It becomes less trite when we understand that ordinary things include coats and trousers. All man's earthly interests, says Professor Teufelsdröck in Mr. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, are "hooked and buttoned together, and held up by clothes." If so, it is on principle impossible to know man without knowing how man is dressed; and, according to Messrs. Moses & Son, Shakespeare carried his knowledge of human nature even into the sublimest mysteries of man-millinery. He knew what dress sat best on each particular passion. He could tell when a man was in love by the brushing of his hat. He was as well aware as Polonius himself, that the apparel oft proclaims the man. And when the servants of Tullius Aufidius treated the famous Coriolanus with contempt and contumely, he had read the human heart well enough to tell us that it was because "his clothes made a false report of him." The late Lord Campbell published a treatise to establish the legal wisdom of the great English poet. A physician of reputation has recently written a book, in which he argues that Shakespeare was familiar with the medical symptoms of insanity. The literary enterprise of Messrs. Moses has therefore a precedent very much in point under which it may shelter itself; and if the idea that Shakespeare appreciated their handiwork gives a single glow of pleasure to any of the amalgamated tailors, or cheers a single honest snip on to new efforts with the needle, by all means let the idea be entertained. The divine Williams this month has gone through so much that he can afford to go through a little more. He has had an oak planted to him on Primrose Hill, and verses composed in his honour by Miss Eliza Cook. There seems to be no adequate reason why there should not be such a thing as an April Shakespeare shooting-jacket, or why Miss Eliza Cook's lyre should not be rivalled by Messrs. Moses's private and domestic Hebrew harp.

That Shakespeare should have a true tailor's eye for clothes is not, therefore, remarkable. The only question is, how far could he go? Was his genius omniscient as to minute details, or was it only adapted for taking in the *tout ensemble*? The answer given by Messrs. Moses is that he was a finished and practised adept. We know of old that Hamlet measured time not by Salisbury clock, as the melancholy Jacques, but as a bootmaker himself would measure it:—

"Frailty, thy name is woman.

A little month,—or, ere those shoes were old,  
With which she followed my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears."

But considering the parsimony with which, in sculpture at all events, Niobe is usually clothed, and that the only addition here made to her costume belongs to another branch, we do not know what consolation or comfort Messrs. Moses & Son derive from this passage, or why they should quote it, unless, indeed, they propose to amend the pronunciation without altering the spelling of the last line, and to consider "tears" as belonging rather to those tears that are torn than to those tears that are wept. There is far more point in the reference they make to "Lear," and their criticism on the subject of Lear's grief is so novel that it deserves to be reproduced:—

"Shakespeare has not turned hats, and gloves, and mantles only to poetical account, but has shown that even a single button may help to make up the alphabet of clothes-symbolism. In one of the most pathetic passages in the most pathetic of his dramas, the swelling of the heart—the sense of constriction or oppression—causes Lear to request those about him to unloose his doublet—to undo a button.

"Lear. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life:  
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more.  
Never, never, never, never!  
Pray you undo this button; thank you, Sir."

"What bold, simple, unaffected nature is here! How thoroughly dramatic! How superior to mere rhetoric and declamation!"

How superior, indeed! The divine Williams paints sorrow as none else can paint it, because he is acquainted with the effect of sorrow on the human waistcoat. Alton Locke, tailor and poet, himself never could have known better how to use his experience. We have heard of great events hanging upon a thread; we now know the importance (to the bereaved) of at-once undoing a button. It ought to be a valuable hint to clergymen or others whose duty it is to deal with misery and

grief. T  
under th  
heels. I  
be of al  
pointed  
mediate

It is a  
little wa  
Messrs. M  
assumes  
shown wh  
see in nat  
will be in  
of Englan  
towns:—

"Parting  
the tops of  
Christian c  
sermons."

A man  
ing of lo  
waving hi  
top of a h  
which eve  
witnessed.  
all we can  
great deal  
detect a h  
may, with  
and watch

ACTING,  
able person  
London ha  
of spirit po  
and no fo  
announcem  
whether th  
great sorro  
spirit powe  
spirit that  
in Europe  
with one of  
petent as  
Those of  
sweetly wit  
cannot suc  
frivolous so  
Julius Cæ  
them play  
cushion at  
under the  
presence of  
and often,  
Spirit Pow  
all this rig  
for promot  
cheering up  
said, dislike  
less. It al  
thoughtful  
numbers of  
spirits when  
whenever an  
sends an ac  
interested o  
anxiety, and  
tions with  
India—are  
what is wor  
in single let  
hundred tin  
the short tin  
bores. The  
illustrious o  
inspector or  
Spirit Powe  
have your sp  
the penny p  
point of orth  
naturally b  
improvement



grief. Those who emerge from a river or a canal are at once, under the strict orders of the Humane Society, hung up by the heels. In deep affliction, the Humane Society's officers might be of almost equal assistance; and the divine Williams has pointed out the part of the person which violent calamity immediately affects.

It is a great thing to be able to recognize so much where so little was seen before. The only thing to be said is, that Messrs. Moses have a keen eye for tailoring. Nature to them assumes a new aspect. She is in "verdure clad." We have shown what Messrs. Moses see in Shakespeare. What they see in nature seems almost more extraordinary. The following will be interesting to all those who live in mountainous parts of England—not to mention those who reside in Cathedral towns:—

"Parting and meeting lovers often wave their handkerchiefs from the tops of hills and towers as flags of salutation; and, in the early Christian churches, they were sometimes waved in approbation of sermons."

A man is a lucky man who has seen the parting and meeting of lovers under such elevated circumstances. A lover waving his handkerchief from a tower to another lover on the top of a hill, as a flag of salutation, is one of those rare sights which even the members of the Alpine Club have seldom witnessed. As for the fact about the early Christian Church, all we can say is that we do not believe it. If true, it says a great deal for the sermons of the day. But the eye that can detect a handkerchief in a lover's hand on a mountain-top may, without impropriety, fix itself on King Lear's buttons, and watch with much interest Hamlet's doublet.

#### THE SPIRIT POWER INSTITUTE.

ACTING, of course, under the immediate patronage of respectable persons in the other world, the friends of the spirits in London have determined to open an institute for the promotion of spirit power. It is to be called the Spirit Power Institute, and no fee is to be charged for becoming a member; an announcement that will be acceptable to all Irish spirits, whether they be in the flesh or not. The spirits have felt with great sorrow that—according to the well-known spiritual law—spirit power always flags in the company of unbelievers. The spirit that can, under ordinary circumstances, hoist any table in Europe into the air, and make it scratch a verse of Scripture with one of its legs upon the ceiling, becomes suddenly incompetent as soon as sceptical strangers come into the room. Those of our departed friends who play the accordion so sweetly without hands to a select circle of sympathetic souls, cannot succeed in getting out the faintest note in mixed and frivolous society. In an atmosphere of disbelief the spirit of Julius Caesar no longer hopes its friends are well, or tickles them playfully upon the knee—no immortal being flings a cushion at Mr. Home, or plays "Yankee Doodle" on its teeth under the sofa. Spirits have no heart to be merry in the presence of scoffers. The result is pitiable spiritual destitution, and often, unhappily, the triumph of incredulity. The Spirit Power Institute is founded for the purpose of putting all this right. It is for establishing "spirit centres," and for promoting "spirit action," which, we suppose, means cheering up those timid and nervous spirits who, as we have said, dislike exhibiting before the unconverted and the thoughtless. It also has one other object, which is a mark of generous thoughtfulness on the part of its promoters. There are numbers of excellent people who cannot be present to meet the spirits when they show themselves. The Spirit Power Institute, whenever an important spirit has said anything worth hearing, sends an account of the interview by post to all who may be interested or concerned. This simple arrangement saves time, anxiety, and expense. In their present state, our communications with the spirit world—like our communications with India—are irregular and uncertain. Spirits talk oddly, and, what is worse, talk slowly, rapping out what they have to say in single letters, and often saying something we have heard a hundred times before. Some spirits are known already—in the short time of our acquaintance with them—to be intolerable bores. Then again, the spelling, even among some of the most illustrious of them, would bring tears into the eyes of a school inspector or a Civil Service Commissioner. Here again the Spirit Power Institute steps in. By belonging to it, you can have your spirit messages brought to you in the morning by the penny post, carefully transcribed, and unimpeachable in point of orthography. The best attention of the Council will naturally be turned to the grammatical and alphabetical improvement of the spirits connected with it; and we may

reasonably hope that all spirits, high and low, will see the wisdom of making a serious effort in this direction in harmony with the Council.

Lord Ebury will learn with much interest that the Spirit Power Institute has decided upon establishing a formal religious subscription, to be signed by all members upon enrolling themselves in that body. The test is a simple one, apparently framed upon the model of the Act of Uniformity—

I believe that good and evil spirits can and do communicate with man.

The trite theological objection applies with much force to this document: that it is ambiguous and capable of misconstruction. In the first place, it says nothing at all about the spirits being dead—an omission which would enable many a disbeliever to sign without the assistance even of another "Tract Ninety," or of a "Nonnatural Sense." In the second place, it does not oppose the enemy at the right gap. The real question is, not so much whether spirits can and do communicate with man, as *how* they communicate. If the Spirit Power Institute is desirous of becoming a national institution, it will substitute for the above unintelligible confession a series of articles more stringent and more trying. There need not be thirty-nine of them, but the more there are the better; and the following specimen may be thrown out as a useful hint:—

I believe that good and evil spirits can and do drag about the drawing-room furniture.

I believe that good and evil spirits can and do scratch believers gently on the legs.

I believe that the spirit of Sardanapalus can and does perform "Home, Sweet Home," on Mr. Home's accordion.

I believe that the spirit of Mark Antony puts out Mr. Home's bed-room candlestick as soon as Mr. Home is in bed, and takes up his shaving water in the morning.

These, and similar truths, seem to be the real facts at issue between the Spirit Power Institute and the rest of mankind; and it is desirable to put them clearly before all candidates for admission to the society. The simplest way of constructing the entrance-test will probably be to collect the more incredible narratives of *séances* into the form of distinct affirmations, and to consider these the articles of the faith. There need be no fear that any will decline to sign them. Any serious candidate for admission into the Spirit Power Institute would blush to hesitate about any obstacle of the kind.

The Spirit Institute for purposes of registration and subdivision proposes to adopt the postal districts already existing in the metropolis. The eighth rule of the society is, that it shall "collect evidences of the action of spiritual beings on substances animate and inanimate that have recently taken place in each postal district," and report the same to the Council. Perhaps the best way would be to take a leaf out of Admiral Fitzroy's book, and to institute a spirit-drum. The Council would thus know, and be able to send round information when and where a spirit was expected, that the district members might be able at once to sit down to their tables. Hoisting the drum would signify that a spirit was stirring somewhere in London, and the position of the cone would at once indicate in which postal district he was at work. A little more elaboration would enable the Council to have intelligence of the character of the spirit, and a reference to their registers would enable them at once to warn the public either against his machinations, or in favour of his advice. The notices might be short enough to go by telegraphic message. "The spirit of Shakespeare in the City-road. Spirit-power manifesting itself by continualappings at Shoreditch. The spirit of Caligula from Charing-cross presents his compliments to the Council, and wishes to know where the President expects to go to? N.N.W. An objectionable spirit working up steadily from Harrow-on-the-Hill." The introduction of this species of spiritual intercourse would be both beneficial to society, and highly profitable to the Institute. In recording these and similar manifestations, the Council intend to work gratuitously, for the love of religion and of science. Their own language upon the subject is unmistakable:—

Freely the Council have received, freely they give. They neither give nor receive salaries.

The liberality of the Council's receipts as well as of their donations is, we should have imagined, the last thing—under such circumstances—that was remarkable. But the Council are certainly a remarkable set of men. If they work for nothing they are, we must believe, disinterested. It is almost a relief, indeed, to find that money in some shape is to be spent. They look to voluntary subscriptions to defray the unavoidable expenses of printing and of postage. An obvious suggestion at once occurs, the adoption of which may render



even voluntary subscriptions unnecessary. Why not get the spirits to do the printing and the postage? This will be putting spirit-power to an admirable and economical use; and as the spirits will be going round the postal districts, it would not be much additional trouble for them to take the Post-office letters as well.

IN consequence of the order for the Channel squadron to go to the Downs, officers on leave of absence at Plymouth and elsewhere have been requested, by telegram, to join their ships with as little delay as possible.

BARON VON BEUST, the Envoy of the Germanic Confederation, left town early on Wednesday, in order to pay a visit to her Majesty at Osborne.

THE Crown Princess of Prussia and the King and Queen of Denmark have sent their autographs to the New York Sanitary Fair. The Crown Princess's autograph is as follows:—"Victoria, Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland."—*New York Times*.

ON the second list of subscribers to the Garibaldi Fund are Lord Palmerston, £100; Lady Palmerston, £20; Earl Dalhousie, £20; the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, £50; Sir W. Page Wood, £25; Mr. C. Buxton, M.P., £25; Alderman Salomons, M.P., £21, &c.

THE Yelverton case is about to come before the House of Lords. The case for the respondent (the Hon. Mrs. Teresa Longworth or Yelverton) was deposited on Thursday week. The counsel engaged for the appellant (Major Yelverton) are—Sir Hugh Cairns, Mr. Rolt, Mr. Anderson, Q.C., and Mr. John Millar, advocate. The counsel for Mrs. Yelverton are—the Lord-Advocate of Scotland, the Attorney-General of England (Sir Roundell Palmer), the Judge-Advocate of England (Dr. Phillimore), Mr. Whiteside of the Irish Bar, and Mr. J. Campbell Smith of the Scotch Bar.

WE are requested to state that Miss Florence Nightingale is so overwhelmed with begging letters that it is quite impossible for her, already as fully occupied as her health will allow, either to answer them or to return the papers enclosed.—*Times*.

EARTHQUAKES were felt last week at Maresfield, Sussex, Hayward's Heath, Lindfield, Forest Lodge, and other places near London.

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE, May 5, 1864.

CAMBRIDGE is beginning to put on its summer dress. The limes and chestnuts at the backs of the colleges are already green and pleasant; lazy undergraduates lounge away the heat of the day on the grassy banks that slope to the fragrant Cam. Before long, we may expect our summer flight of visitors, to whom more than usual inducements will be offered this term. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to honour us with their presence from the 2nd to the 4th of June—an arrangement far more satisfactory than that originally proposed, according to which their visit would have been postponed till the 16th. The undergraduates generally will now have an opportunity of demonstrating their loyalty and the strength of their lungs, which would in that case have been denied to all but a few. The entertainments to celebrate the occasion have not yet been definitively settled, but a ball at the Fitzwilliam Museum, another to be given by Trinity College, and a performance of the A.D.C. (or Amateur Dramatic Club), are the principal topics of conversation at present.

The Oxford Rifle Corps will this term repay the visit, which we paid to them last year, and it is to be hoped will receive hospitality equal to that which they extended to us. They will be here on Saturday, May 21st, the day also fixed for the boat procession.

The visitors to the ancient buildings of the University will have an opportunity of observing that they are still, as it were, putting forth fresh shoots. For many years past, little has been done in the way of adding to our architectural ornaments. The remote lane, dominated by the majestic edifices of the back of Caius College, the stables of Trinity, and the ancient walls of Trinity Hall, burst into comparative splendour a few years ago; but the modest erection which repaired the ravages of fire at Trinity Hall, and the more imposing red-brick hall of Caius (an edifice whose interior is generally distinctly preferred to its exterior charms) have scarcely done much to improve the character of the town. There is, indeed, one way in which Cambridge may be infallibly improved without any risk of bad taste—namely, by pulling down houses. The immense improvement in the market-place produced by the demolition of the tumble-down lane behind St. Mary's is a palpable example; but we should hear with more than equanimity of the approaching doom of almost any other part of the town. The only difficulty occurs with the prospect of rebuilding—a ticklish and generally disastrous experiment. The effect of a destruction will we hope soon be tried on All Saints' Church—an edifice which is ugly in itself, and the cause of ugliness in others. Its removal will greatly improve the views of the front of St. John's and Trinity, and of the new (and really creditable) building erected by the Master of Trinity as a receptacle for some of the overflowings of his "noble and magnificent college"—as the Cambridge Calendar describes it, with an annual burst of enthusiasm. To remove the apprehensions that the destruction of a church in these times may possibly cause in some minds, we should mention that the wants of the parish have been already supplied by a more convenient and central church opposite the gates of

Jesus College. It is expected that it will be opened for service in the course of a few months, and, whenever a few more hundreds have flowed in, another spire will be added to the very few and rather shabby ones that grace the distant views of Cambridge.

More important erections, however, are already in progress. St. John's, with characteristic spirit, have set to work on the improvement of the college buildings. The new works, designed by Mr. G. G. Scott, are still in a rudimentary state, with the exception of the master's lodge. Below the bridge which connected the old and new buildings, a set of dingy outhouses frowned till lately over the gloomy waters of the Cam. These have been cleared away, opening out a pleasant view of the front of the New Lodge—an Elizabethan house, corresponding in character to the older parts of the college. The prospect will, no doubt, be appetising to any future aspirant to the almost unique combination of dignity and ease enjoyed by the head of a house. The chapel is as yet but a few feet above the foundations. It runs close to the present chapel, but on its northern side. It is destined to raise the ridge of its lofty roof above every roof in Cambridge. From the roof is to rise a still more lofty spire, or flèche, which is fairly to look down upon the turrets of King's and the tower of St. Mary's, and to make St. John's conspicuous above all colleges to the wide flats of Cambridgeshire. Our only fear is, that in its aspirations after height the design may possibly be found deficient in due massiveness. The removal of the present chapel will give room for a very necessary enlargement of the hall. The works, when completed, will produce the most important change that has taken place in Cambridge in modern times.

Meanwhile, the University is launching out into the same career, so far as its limited means allow. The last new library building is generally admitted to have been one of the worst modern architectural additions to this or any other town. It is uniformly hideous; it seems to turn its back upon you on every side; it uses as large a space to take in as few books as possible; and it is set down so as to be as great an obstruction as may be to new improvements. The scheme, which is now being carried out (also under Mr. Scott's direction), meets with general approval. When finished, it is to complete the quadrangle once occupied by the old buildings of King's College. It will include the fine old gateway, still standing opposite Clare. At present, the southern side only is being erected, which is a continuation of the old south wing of the library, and faces the grounds of King's College. A large additional space will be obtained, and the completion of the plan seems to be in every way desirable.

But there is another building now approaching completion which has been the subject of a much fiercer contest of opinion. Some years ago, plans for erecting new museums were obtained from Mr. Salvin. When the tenders for their execution were submitted to the Senate, it was found (a thing never heard of before) that they exceeded the estimate by some seven or eight thousand pounds. A struggle took place in the Senate, stirred up by some keen criticism, conveyed in a very trenchant circular, and for a time the scheme was rejected. After various prunings down of excrescences, and a vigorous whip, its supporters were finally successful, and we now see the result. Doubtless, both supporters and opponents will triumphantly point to the exact fulfilment of their predictions. There is plenty of room for discussion. In the first place, there are the extreme left (so to speak), who sneer at professors, think museums are not really wanted for science; that if they are, science had better do without them; and, in fact, who would rather have seen the scheme totally abandoned. On some of these points they have more to say for themselves than there is space to set forth. Meanwhile, people generally are content to remark that the museums are certainly very ugly and very mean in appearance. To this the answers are various. In the first place, some answer that they are not ugly. This, however, requires some courage. A dingy white-brick building, whose style partakes of the workhouse and railway station in equal parts, is not pleasing to most men's taste. "Well, if they are ugly," reply the friends of the museum, "they are tolerably cheap. Think of the Oxford museums, and be thankful!" This answer seems to involve a theory which would make Mr. Ruskin's flesh creep, that there is something antagonistic between beauty and cheapness, that, in fact, beauty is a sort of material to be bought at so much a pound, and stuck on in lumps on the outside. Moreover, though they have not cost very much, they have cost quite enough to be handsome. An expenditure of £25,000 is not totally incompatible with good proportions and solid work. At any rate, you will not deny, say our friends again, that we have put them down where they can't be seen. If you want something handsome, there is room enough to build up a handsome building in front (i.e., when you have got the money) to hide them out of sight altogether. This is rather cold consolation. When there is a chance of adding an ornament to the University, it is rather hard to be told, that we must first of all make it very ugly in order to make it cheap (a proposition which we deny), and then put it down in a hole that no one may see it. The said hole, by the way, is the place at which some of our readers may have glanced through an iron gateway in Pembroke-street, where a stagnant pool, suggestive of frogs, fills the centre of the old botanical garden. Well, at any rate, is the final answer, they must be built for the sake of science, and they will be very well arranged inside. With this argument (which, on the faith of Mr. Salvin's well-known skill, we are ready to admit), we are fain to be content. We have certainly not spent half as much money as our brethren at Oxford, whose museums, we were dogmatically informed by an excited professor, are, on the score of their internal arrangements, "the laughing-

May  
stock  
cally u  
may .b  
grace.  
We  
as the  
which,  
state  
may co  
The  
paroxy  
the riv  
The rac  
be muc  
years g  
One is  
venture  
the long  
delicate  
prevale  
for vict  
This, ho  
which t  
will thro  
contest,  
matched  
order:—  
Emmanu  
amongst  
vidual o  
contests  
rate, an  
entirely,  
They hav  
spoken,  
Trinity  
in their  
vouring  
after a h  
but seem  
that perf  
exhibit.  
row in a  
Emmanu  
of having  
rise, thou  
we do no  
we had to  
our cont  
between  
Whilst  
to partak  
of its w  
concern t  
transpare  
as though  
less harm  
the celebr  
fith is di  
every boar  
coxswain  
rudder-str  
improving  
may befor  
carried in  
Mr. Po  
of the Co  
lamented  
Fellow an  
Professor  
of the hea  
it practica  
of giving  
present oc  
satisfactio  
Professor  
voluntari  
the incom  
for the p  
Whenever  
finally tra  
We are  
tion" will  
instant, at  
of his Gra  
signed the  
We are  
a deed of  
of Cornwa  
erected for  
of his dea  
this coun  
subscribin  
Gazette.



stock of Europe." Let us hope that we have got something practically useful for our money, and that our remote scientific posterity may bless us, notwithstanding our stern contempt for external grace.

We will not dwell upon other architectural improvements, such as the lately completed restoration of St. Mary's—a restoration which, if it has done nothing else, has fully exposed the shabby state of the present chancel. We will only hope that many visitors may come to us this term, and judge for themselves.

The undergraduate mind is gradually rising to its annual paroxysm of excitement about the boats. Who is to be head of the river, is a question much debated throughout the University. The races begin on Wednesday, May 11th, and opinions seem to be much divided. Cambridge rowing has for the last two or three years got a bad name. Every one has a different reason to suggest. One is obvious: a bad style has been introduced, we do not quite venture to say by whom. It is, however, evident that instead of the long graceful sweep, firm at the beginning of the stroke and delicate at the end, a short jerking style has become lamentably prevalent. We fear that an inspection of the various aspirants for victory this term would not show that it is yet eradicated. This, however, does nothing to check the intense enthusiasm with which the noble science is cultivated. As eager crowds as ever will throng the bank next week, as many boats will join in the contest, and no contest is so exciting as that between two well-matched crews. The first boats on the Cam are in the following order:—Third Trinity, Trinity Hall, First Trinity, St. John's, Emmanuel. The head of the river will doubtless be found somewhere amongst these. Third Trinity have the advantage of their individual oarsmen being more experienced on the water. Many contests on a nobler river than the Cam have given them, at any rate, an immunity from the clumsiness which a man seldom loses entirely, whose rowing has not begun before his university career. They have, however, too much of that bad style, of which we have spoken, and are not equal in power to some of their competitors. Trinity Hall have a good dashing stroke, seem to be well at home in their boat, and will, no doubt, show their usual pluck in endeavouring to regain the position from which they were only deposed after a hard struggle last year. First Trinity are the strongest, but seem to be too heavy for their ship, and are very deficient in that perfection of swing which a boat so high on the river ought to exhibit. St. John's are scarcely so strong as was expected, but row in a dangerous and determined style, with a good stroke. Emmanuel, however, possess, in our opinion, the great advantage of having the best stroke on the river, and may not improbably rise, though scarcely more than one or two places. On the whole, we do not venture to foretell the result; but should be inclined, if we had to discharge the duties of the sporting prophet of some of our contemporaries, to say that the struggle will probably lie between Third Trinity and Trinity Hall.

Whilst on this subject we may remark that the Cam really seems to partake more of the ditch and less of the river with every year of its wretched existence. A more slimy, disreputable-looking concern than it is rapidly becoming can hardly be imagined. Its transparent waters become, in passing through Cambridge, as dark as though mixed with ink: they are, of course, really mixed with less harmless ingredients. In passing some of the points, such as the celebrated Barnwell pool, where the concentrated essence of filth is disgorged from black-looking vaults of sewers, the stroke of every boat seems involuntarily to quicken, and the hand of the coxswain twitches with an apparent inclination to desert the rudder-string for his nose. Some steps have been proposed for improving this unsavoury state of things, and we hope that they may before very long begin to be more or less prepared for being carried into execution at some future time.

Mr. Power, of Pembroke College, was last week elected member of the Council in place of Mr. France, whose sudden and much-lamented death was lately announced. Mr. Swainson, late Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, has been elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity. The board of electors consisted in this case of the heads of houses. As a general rule, we should have thought it practicable for human ingenuity to invent a board more capable of giving an intelligent preference to talent and originality. On the present occasion, we believe that their selection has given general satisfaction. The professorship is for the present of little value. Professor Selwyn, who, with remarkable generosity, has hitherto voluntarily increased the endowment by seven hundred a year from the income of his own professorship, has decided to divert that sum for the present towards the building of new divinity schools. Whenever his professorship shall be vacated, this amount will be finally transferred to the endowment of the Norrisian Professor.

We are requested to state that the presentation of "the Declaration" will take place at Lambeth Palace on Thursday, the 12th instant, at 3 P.M., and that the committee have the kind permission of his Grace the Archbishop to say that any of the clergy who have signed the declaration are at liberty to attend.—*Guardian*.

We are requested to say that the Bishop of Exeter has executed a deed of gift of his very valuable ecclesiastical library to the county of Cornwall,—the only condition being that a suitable building be erected for its reception at Truro within three years from the period of his death. We must express a strong hope that the people of this county will secure this most handsome and useful gift by subscribing liberally to enable the committee to receive it.—*Cornish Gazette*.

## THE CHURCH.

### CLERICAL HALLS.

As we anticipated, the Bishop of London complains that the subscriptions for his plan of church extension have been exclusively derived from a narrow area. To those benevolent individuals, who generally rally round any philanthropic proposal for extending the influence of religion and seconding the efforts of the Church, he acknowledges himself to be entirely indebted for the funds he has raised or is likely to raise in furtherance of his great object. He has not been supported by those on whose support he had a right to calculate. Outside of that area, of which we have spoken, his proposals have been coldly received. They have, in truth, fallen dead, and excited no corresponding fervour and sympathy. This is no more than might have been expected. The Bishop, it is true, derives encouragement, which we cannot derive, from this apathy. There is a large mass, he thinks, yet to be influenced; the sluggish ground needs only to be diligently stirred to yield an abundant harvest. The field is wide enough and sluggish enough, God knows—wide enough and sluggish enough to tempt the energies of the most enthusiastic and charitable Hercules, if any such can be found. If any such there be, able and willing to undertake the labour, let him on in Heaven's name. He shall have our thanks, such as they are, and win for himself the gratitude of thousands.

We are far from wishing to throw any discouragement on the most sanguine expectations of the Bishop, or of those who have rallied round him. The higher they pitch their project, the better. If they do not reach the mark, it will be something to have set before the world a clear and certain indication of what ought to have been done. Another generation may attain to that of which the present falls short. Their labours cannot be lost, although they may not eventuate in all that the promoters desire. At the same time we, as journalists, can only look at the measure as it is and in its probable consequences, not as it might be, nor to the support which it ought to obtain, but does not. We can only regard it in its dull reality, and not as benevolent zeal or a kindly imagination would have it to be. And regarding it in this unimpassioned fashion, we must say, that we think it not at all probable that the Bishop will raise sufficient funds to add five hundred curates to his over-peopled diocese—nor, indeed, half five hundred. If he can win a little ground—a foot or so from the barren waste—and leave it to his successors to carry out what he has begun, he will have reason to congratulate himself. His rule as diocesan will not have been altogether in vain.

Meanwhile, as he cannot be expected to make any large or permanent addition to the clerical staff of the diocese, it might be as well to consider what can be done with the funds already at his disposal to strengthen and expand the means and instruments already at work, and give greater activity and vitality to our parochial machinery. Five hundred poorly-paid curates sent into the diocese of London, would be the same as condemning five hundred men, respectably educated, to a life of unpitied celibacy or struggling wedlock. How many ill-paid curates are there already who have no hope of promotion in this huge metropolis? How many who must long since have left it, or combined other pursuits with their clerical engagements, had they not been able to eke out their scanty stipends by their private fortunes? Out of the expected five hundred, how many does the Bishop calculate will have means of their own beyond their ecclesiastical emoluments? If there be many such, what is there to prevent them at this moment from taking curacies in the diocese, without the cumbrous machinery of subscription? But if these are few, then, as we have said, the majority will be entirely dependent for their support on their clerical stipends; some may, perhaps, with more popular talents, become the fortunate incumbents of voluntary churches; a few may marry wives with property; but the majority of the five hundred will be committed to a wretched pittance for life, scarcely sufficient for decent maintenance, without any prospect of improving their condition.

Men, we admit, should be beyond the reach of sordid motives in entering upon any holy function. But have you a right to tempt them into a calling which cannot be effectively exercised for the benefit of others without some adequate worldly provision, and perhaps some hope of preferment? A clergyman out at elbows is not an edifying spectacle. A curate distrained for rent, and unable to pay his baker's bill, does more harm, in so prudential a nation as ours, than all his sermons can do good. Happily, that is not a common spectacle among us; and why? Because hitherto the clergy have been drawn, for the most part, from men possessing private means,



and there has been a reasonable proportion between the beneficed and unbeneficed clergy. The patrimony of the Church has had fewer claimants upon it. Interfere with that proportion—draw the majority of the working clergy from a needier class—diminish their chances of advancement by a serious multiplication of their number, before the eyes of the people have been opened to the necessity of a more generous provision on their behalf,—and you will in effect pauperize a large body of the clergy. At all events, if this term seems too strong, you will greatly increase the number of those whose life and labour must be spent for most inadequate pittance.

That danger for the present is not so great as it might have been, solely because the Bishop of London has not been seconded in his appeal as he expected to be; and, judging from the past, years must elapse before his scheme for Church extension can be carried out with sufficient magnitude to interfere with existing arrangements. Meanwhile, why should not the Bishop, as we have said before, turn his attention to the existing machinery of the diocese, and see what can be done to render some parts of it more effectual and develop others? There are two things in its defective organization well worth his attention: we allude, first, to the multiplication of clerical halls and houses—colleges for the clergy (if any one prefers that name); and secondly, to lay co-operation. The two are intimately united, though hitherto, strange to say, they have scarcely been brought into co-ordination with each other. We must confine our remarks for the present to the former, reserving what we have to say of lay co-operation to a future number.

Common halls or houses for curates have already been tried in some parts of London, but without attracting the attention they deserve, and upon too narrow a basis to effect the amount of good they might have done. It must be obvious that for the curates to club together, have a common house and common table, is much more economical and in many respects more advantageous than for each of these curates to live by himself in miserable but costly lodgings. But, to make the experiment successful, there must be a sufficient number of persons to occupy the house, and some competent person to superintend the accounts. Hitherto, where such houses have been hired or built, they have not extended to the whole parish—they have been confined to some district, or some one church, the curates of which have found it to their advantage thus to live in common. Might not these districts be extended? Might not the rectors and incumbents of large parishes—or of two or three smaller parishes, combine to erect one or more such houses, form themselves into a committee, undertake the superintendence—if not regularly, yet occasionally—of such establishments? Might they not direct the attention of their parishioners to the value of such halls, gradually form libraries to be perpetually attached to them, and by degrees obtain endowments or benefactions? Local attachments are so strong in the people of this nation, contributions towards some practicable and compassable object recommend themselves so readily to our habits of mind, that we are persuaded many would gladly assist such local and definite efforts who would not subscribe to a greater and more general scheme. In such halls the unbeneficed and unmarried clergy might reside at half the cost and double the comfort they can hope to find in private lodgings. We see not even that it would be necessary that every inmate should be unmarried. There might be a head in each hall, who should be married, and superintend the whole, as in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. As centres for the clerical organization of the parish and districts to which they belonged, halls of this nature would be invaluable. If it be thought that this scheme would be attended with difficulties, that incompatibility of temper and the love of independence would jeopardise its success, why, we demand, should there be greater difficulty in bringing under one roof men united by the common tie of work and the holiest of obligations, than there was formerly, and still is, in bringing men under one and the same roof for the purposes of study? In this way, and from the pressure of similar causes, did halls and colleges grow up and maintain themselves at the ancient universities. Their supports and endowments were drawn exclusively from local sympathies; this benefactor left books, another plate, another maintenance for one student, or his Sunday dinner; and if the fountain of charity is to be opened afresh, it must be, we are persuaded, by the same means, and from the influence of the same motives. If the Bishop of London hopes for support, if he desires to recommend his scheme to the sympathies of Englishmen, he must break up his great project into detail. Men cannot sympathise with indefinite and impersonal objects. Can he enter any ancient church in his diocese, and fail to read this lesson written on its walls in black and gold? Was there

ever a time in the history of this nation that the charity of Englishmen was stimulated by cosmopolitan schemes or projects of universal benevolence? Or was there ever a time when, if the hearts of Englishmen could be stirred at all, they were not stirred by the local and the tangible, by definite persons and objects which they could associate with themselves? It is true that, by our reckless interference with the intentions of founders and benefactors, we have done much to root up and disturb this old and sacred feeling. Still to this we must appeal; all other appeals, we are convinced, will prove unavailing.

#### THE ALTERNATIONS OF ANTICHRISTIANISM.

THERE are two main forms in which the Antichristian sentiment has ever developed itself. It has appeared either as a corrupting influence within, or as an assaulting power outside the Church. And the outward and inward attacks have usually been alternate. The one phase of Antichristianism has succeeded the other with a marked regularity. The era of persecutions is followed by the era of heresies. The assaults which obscured the light of the Church in blood alternated with those corruptions of dualistic Pantheism which produced out of Christianity the monstrous systems of the Gnostics and Manicheans. Mahometanism was an external power fatal to many Christian Churches, and Christendom, liberated from the danger of the Moslem, settled down through the long night of the middle ages into the deification of the ascetic principle. In modern times, the external assault is represented, not by the conqueror with arms in his hands, but by the unbeliever with words of scorn and hatred on his lips. The inner corruption also has no longer the grotesque lineaments of ancient dualism, but is a more presentable product of the pantheistic principle.

In these modified forms, however, the two methods of attack will be found to alternate with one another with great regularity. The sensual infidelity of the times immediately preceding the Reformation is the prelude to the wild vagaries of the Anabaptists and Familists. The mechanical Atheism of Spinozism is succeeded by the Deistic and Naturalistic school. The open and scoffing unbelief of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists is followed by the Pantheism of modern Germany, and by that offshoot and product of it which is now developing itself in England. An almost exact parallel may be traced between the course of the Antichristian sentiment now in vogue, and that exhibition of it which was witnessed in England in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Eminent divines of the "advanced" school are found to be using the very language and arguments of the noble author of the "Characteristics." Woolston's arguments against miracles are reproduced by Mr. Baden Powell; our freethinking Reviews furnish abundant parallels to Anthony Collins; while Matthew Tindal and Conyers Middleton appear again in Bishop Colenso.

But if there is anything to be gathered as to the future from this parallelism, it is not without serious import. We have had our Woolstons and Tindals; we shall soon have our Humes, Gibbons, and Tom Paines. The school which now professes to find its stand-point within Christianity and the Bible will be succeeded by one which is external and antagonistic to them. And this seems likely to be the natural result on every ground. The position of an avowedly Christian writer attacking all the main doctrines of Christianity, of a Churchman writing against the cherished faith of the Church to which he professes to belong, is a position so obviously assailable, that constant attacks will assuredly be directed against this weak point, and will assuredly succeed in producing exasperation and more open defiance. He who begins as a friendly critic will be forced into the place of a more open and hostile combatant. Soft words will give place to harsh utterances. If the palliatives, and explanations, and suppositions offered be received with a smile of derision and tested by a relentless logic, they will quietly be abandoned, and another and more unsparing treatment embraced. The amiable constructive will become the pitiless destructive. He who kindly offered to remodel the faith, but whose benevolent efforts were stupidly non-appreciated, will now show that he can assail the faith, and that if you will not have his view of it you shall have none. This, indeed, seems to be the course which the anti-religious movement is already actually taking.

As an illustration, we may compare Mr. Wilson's defence, delivered before the Privy Council, with his essay in "Essays and Reviews." It may be that a declared enemy is better than a false friend; but at any rate it is desirable to have our eyes open, for many circumstances seem to show that we must not calculate on retaining the services of the Christians unattached for a great

while lo  
a very r  
in the 2  
a certai  
new di  
thought  
Before  
admitted  
its princ  
desire to  
the latt  
assumpt  
tianity b  
intellect  
is in di  
idolatry  
pronoun  
hostility  
well put  
whether  
of truth  
make up  
and deni  
in order.  
the Scrip  
Christian  
extreme  
answering

THE ex  
a decide  
equally  
even adu  
of merit  
be admit  
the work  
however,  
not exhib  
Hardwic  
(architect  
at present  
of the ass  
sign eith  
ominous  
Academi  
concerne  
anything  
are so e  
and Mr.  
Royal M  
these art  
and the c  
made on  
Landseer  
chief wor  
than any  
modelling  
might ha  
the worl  
courtesy.  
micians  
when the  
of repres  
bound to  
interests  
the whol  
up to the  
idle, or,  
if you p  
decorativ  
lady in p  
a gent  
Scripture  
art, and  
to paint  
that his  
neither  
say that  
instances  
the proof  
the exhib  
ing space  
torious p  
returned



while longer. The writers of this school (and notably the writer of a very remarkable critique on "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," in the *National Review*) affect and express an absolute deference to a certain mysterious power called "the higher criticism." This new divinity has also erewhile exercised a power in Germany, though there the worship of it is now somewhat rudely shaken. Before, indeed, says the eloquent Dr. Lange, this criticism can be admitted to be a power, "the critic must either be able to describe its principles, its rules, its organic form, or clearly express his own desire to be regarded as an incarnation of the critical spirit. In the latter case we should know what to think of him. The assumption that pure truth must be freed from its shell of Christianity by the help of criticism (a consummation to be effected by the intellect of the natural man with its philosophical implements) is in direct opposition to the Christian assumption."\* The idolatry of this new deity, which is becoming day by day more pronounced, is leading men very fast into a position of direct hostility to the Gospel. The question (as the Bishop of St. David's well puts it) has become not so much what Revelation teaches as whether there be any Revelation—any supernatural conveyance of truth to special persons and for special purposes. We must make up our minds to have this openly and vigorously impugned and denied, and it would be well that we should get our weapons in order. The advanced critics will not much longer patronise the Scriptures, and say a few soft words as to the advantages of Christianity. The oscillation in this direction has reached its extreme point in the work of M. Renan: we shall soon witness the answering movement in the contrary way.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE exhibitions at the Academy have for some years past shown a decided falling off in the works of the Academicians and an equally evident improvement in those of the painters who are not even admitted as Associates. This year the inversion of the order of merit is, perhaps, more marked than ever, for it will, we think, be admitted that the pictures having the highest claims in art are the works of men who have no position in the Academy. In fairness, however, it must be stated that eight of the twenty Academicians do not exhibit, viz., Sir C. L. Eastlake, President, with Messrs. Frith, Hardwick (architect), Herbert, C. Landseer, Maclise, Smirke (architect), Westmacott (sculptor). One of the sixteen Associates at present on the list, Mr. Frost, does not exhibit; and so of one of the associate engravers, Mr. Graves. This is altogether a serious sign either of weakness or indifference, and it becomes still more ominous when we look at the pictures exhibited by some of the Academicians who shall be nameless. So far as the Academy is concerned this is a melancholy state of things, and we cannot see anything redeeming in the fact that Mr. Herbert and Mr. Maclise are so engaged with their large frescoes at Westminster Palace, and Mr. Frith so absorbed in his great popular performance of the Royal Marriage, as to have no time to think of the Academy. If these artists felt a genuine interest and sympathy for the Academy and the exhibition, surely they might make some sign. The case is made only more glaring by the remarkable pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, all of which are most excellent of their kind, and the chief work even finer in sentiment and more masterly in painting than any of his many achievements; yet Sir Edwin has been modelling lions for the nation, and, as the favourite of princes, might have been allowed to indulge in the contemplation of the works of others or to exhibit canvases called pictures by courtesy. No one can be so unreasonable as to expect Academicians to paint whether they have the inspiration or not, or when they may have passed the rubicon; but as filling the place of representative art institution of this country the Academy is bound to see that it offers no obstructive influence to the fair interests of art and artists. If we find about six men only out of the whole body of Academicians and Associates painting pictures up to the requirements and taste of the age, and the rest either idle, or, what is worse, painting idle pictures—one asking a tear, if you please, over a wounded robin; another exhausting his decorative art upon the fashionable millinery of a much-belaced lady in pink silk and highly-glazed *bottines*, helped over a stile by a gent to match; another spluttering over some subject from Scripture or Shakespeare, inflated with the vanity of his art, and blind to his own failings; another so lost in trying to paint the personality of "Contemplation," as not to see that his picture has become so anomalous in art as to be neither "fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring"—we cannot say that this is a hopeful state of things. These are not imaginary instances, and they might be added to, were it necessary to enforce the proof of academic unworthiness. It cannot be, therefore, for the exhibition of their own works that the Academy are demanding space. They have ample room. It must be for those meritorious pictures which we never see, but which are said to be returned by hundreds to their disappointed authors. At least it

would be the graceful thing to enlarge their own body first, and strengthen it by admitting those painters whom the public has for many years decided to be worthy equals of the Academicians. Nothing can be more damaging to the cause of the Academy than to see pictures like Mr. Leighton's "Dante," Mr. Armitage's "Ahab and Jezebel," Mr. Calderon's "Hampden," Mr. Crowe's "Luther," Mr. Rankley's "Gipsy Tent," Mr. Yeames' "Reine Malheureuse," Mr. Marks' "Doctors Differ," Mr. Prinsep's "Benedick and Beatrice," and other works, Mr. Webb's "Shop in Cairo," Mr. Watts' "Choosing," and his large design for sculpture, Mr. Nicol's and Mr. G. B. O'Neil's very clever Irish character pieces, Mr. A. Hughes' "Music Party" and "Sunbeam," forming in reality the staple interest of the exhibition, as the promise from the rising artists of the day, all unconnected with the Academy, and in no way the offspring of the teaching which that school has afforded.

Besides showing very pointedly the relative position of the general body of artists to the Academy, the present exhibition is remarkable, compared with those of the last fifteen years, for the absence of Pre-raphaelite outrage. The subjects of these painters appear to be sitting new clothed and in their right mind, and the "brethren" seem to have discovered at last the difference in art between dogmatic truth and natural truth. The flesh of beautiful woman is no longer like theameleon, and the sweet toned shadows of sunlight are not made so obstinately prismatic. Mr. Millais, the quondam leader of the sect that rebelled against everything Academic, is positively now the elect of that body, settled down into the most proper of painters of little children being good at church, or sitting for their portraits in all their innocent, bird-like love of fine feathers. Mr. Holman Hunt—a celebrity without the walls—does not contribute now so much as a miniature "King of Hearts" this year, but his renunciation of Pre-raphaelism is quite firm; while Mr. A. Hughes has learnt to modulate his scale of chromatics, and Mr. John Brett, who represents the supposed realism in landscape, is perhaps not quite so offensively real and so methodically unimaginative as in his "Val d'Aosta."

Landseer unquestionably takes the highest stand for his art of all the painters. It may be true his line is not the high one commonly accepted, but the question is whether he has not all through his remarkable career felt the strange kind of response or echo, as it were, in brute life to our higher and nobler instincts; and in his fine work of the "Polar Bears" one must be dull indeed to look upon it and not feel the throb of sympathy for the brave adventurer and leave it without a thought of rescue. In the wild, desolate, icy desert is pictured the utmost that Nature can do against human life and enterprise, the savage brutes heighten the fierceness and fury, rending the last signal of distress and sign of hope in the tattered flag, and triumphing to the utmost over the very dust of the grave. If there were anything merely melodramatic in the picture, the great artist would have missed his mark, but all is terribly natural and real, even to the frozen breath of the beast that crunches up a bleached bone as he sniffs the air with nose turned up in an ecstasy of brutish relish. The supple forms of these creatures, contrasted with the deadly stillness of everything around, are wonderfully given with a few masterly touches. Indeed, the picture is as grandly painted as it is conceived, in the finest spirit of the artist, and we see how well the painter names his work, "Man proposes—God disposes." We see the completeness of study that possesses Landseer in his small highly-finished works like the "Piper and Pair of Nutcrackers" (82), delightful in its perfection of painting and exquisite character of the animals so opposite to each other as a bullfinch and squirrels. "Pensioners," again, is full of country thoughts in the two sprightly old hunters startled at the distant cry of the hounds, and threatening to break bounds and be careering away once more o'er hill and dale.

Other pictures are more in accordance with what we call high art, but they lack the completeness of Landseer perhaps, because, in dealing with human emotion, they have to contend with the greatest of all subjects for expressional art. There are three large works in the principal room, all in this category, but each treated very differently. Mr. Leighton assumes, from the flights of the poet, a subject for his picture that is to bring us nearer to Dante's proud heart, and tell us the bitterness of his sufferings in exile, when he eat the bread of dependence, and wrote the lines in the "Paradiso," beginning, "Tu proverai come sa di sale." It was the part of a genuine artist to conceive this subject, and we find Mr. Leighton's picture stronger in feeling, as well as in apprehension of style and thorough knowledge of the time, than in technical merits of composition and drawing. The work betrays the want of thought over the expression to be given to the heads, in which not even that of Dante himself sets the spectator thinking and sympathizing. One is struck with the scene, the groups of figures on each side of this one solitary and singularly-looking personage habited in long robes of straight folds, with a countenance more suggestive of ascetic discipline than the fiery-hearted poet. The figures in gaudy costumes of peacocks' feathers, the noble lady and the young man leading a child bedecked with flowers, the *buffone* in scarlet cloak, and the nobles coming down the steps of the palazzo, all serve chiefly to set off the one figure of Dante, who stands holding a book with hands crossed in an attitude of resignation rather than discontent and disgust with the "vile company" he is obliged to associate with as the guest of the noble Veronese, who received him into his house. The point which arises is whether the artist should not discriminate between the æsthetic treatment and the merely decorative. We can perceive and enjoy abundance of the latter in this picture, but must own

\* Lange's *Life of Christ*, i. 131 (Trans.).



that the sympathies are not reached; we look at the picture and admire its beauties of colour and picturesqueness, but the eye wanders from the face of Dante. Mr. Armitage paints even a more imaginary incident in his "Ahab and Jezebel" (15), a large work with figures larger than life. In this is to be observed how much attention the artist has paid to expression in the heads and the attitudes. Ahab is seen reclining on a splendid carved and embroidered couch, his one arm dropped listlessly down, while the other hand plays with his beard, and his knitted brow and dark eye betray a cowardly and cruel envy. The wife leans over the head of the couch, prompting horrible things, her hand suiting the action to the word as she seems about to tear the cushion. There is immense power in these figures, power that has carried the artist a little over the just limits of his art, and made his work a striking one, certainly, but not pleasing to the eye. The colouring is cold, notwithstanding the opportunities for fine colour in such a work; the flesh tints must be unlike the complexion of that race, and there is a general want of tone. If we could infuse something of Mr. Leighton's luxury of colouring into this picture and take away a little of the excess of facial expression in exchange, both painters would in our opinion be improved, so to speak. The other large work is Mr. H. W. Pickersgill's "Murder of Desdemona" (140). After discussing the merits of the two painters not of the Academy, this comes upon us in all its oppressiveness, and we can only describe it as a tremendous academic production. The Othello is a monster, who without his stage tunic might stand for an Apollyon, and the Desdemona is simply a study of the head and shoulders of an Amazon. This is an example of how futile is the notion that grand subjects can be painted merely with gigantic figures on unlimited canvas; it is the reduction of the academic to the absurd. Mr. Phillips's "La Gloria," a Spanish wake, one of his very finest works, Mr. Lewis's wonderfully minute pictures of Eastern life, Mr. Elmore's "Nuns" and his "Excelsior," Mr. Calderon's "Hampton" and other pictures, with the remarkable works by M. Tidemand, "The Norwegian Duel," and "Le Gros ex voto," must be reserved for future notice.

#### MEYERBEER.

THE death of this great man leaves a void in the current course of dramatic music which no contemporary composer yet appears likely to supply. Although nearly seventy years of age, his imaginative powers seemed to have suffered no decay, his latest production ("Le Pardon de Ploermel," in 1859) having all the freshness and brightness of youthful fancy; while his continued absorption in the pursuit of his beloved art might seem to have promised yet some further productions of a hand and brain that knew no cessation from thoughtful labour.

Unlike Rossini, who, at the age of thirty-seven, virtually gave up his art on the attainment of his greatest success in his "Guillaume Tell," every fresh triumph was with Meyerbeer an incentive to further exertion and more scrupulous care in production. The inactivity of Rossini, himself two years the elder of Meyerbeer, and the still more advanced age of Auber, make the death of Meyerbeer an irreparable loss to French romantic opera, unless the "Faust" of Gounod should prove the precursor of much greater works from the same source—a result which at present appears extremely doubtful.

Although very dissimilar in the character of their genius, the careers of Gluck and of Meyerbeer offer some analogy in the efforts made by both to form a style, and in the greatness of the results as compared with the antecedents in each case. The unsettled nature and want of fixed motives of Meyerbeer's youthful genius found a most unfit guide and monitor in the Abbé Vogler; a man of great talent, but too eccentric in his musical tastes and principles to direct a sound and classical education towards the highest aims of the art. As to the unsafety of such a tutor, it is sufficient to refer to his disrespect for the works of the great classic of music, Sebastian Bach; an irreverence which Vogler succeeded in imparting to Weber, the fellow-pupil of Meyerbeer. The original and spontaneous genius of the composer of the Freyschütz, however, and the thoroughly-concentrated nationality of his mind, forced him, in spite of any surrounding influences, at once into the fit channel for the development of his powers. Not so with Meyerbeer—his mind was naturally eclectic, swayed by various impressions; and hence he was long in seeking and finding a style which should mark his individuality. After one or two juvenile efforts at composition, Meyerbeer met with great success as a pianist, a capacity in which it is said he might have pursued a career equal to that of the greatest players of his day. But this did not satisfy him—dramatic composition was the object of his ambition; and a visit to Italy, during the early popularity of Rossini's "Tancredi," led to his imitation of the style of that composer, and his production, at various Italian theatres, of several operas, in which the feeble reflection of a conventional style gave no indication of Meyerbeer's latent powers. It was in his "Crocato," produced at Venice in 1825, that he gave the first signs of a departure from the sweet inanity of that Italian school in which the exhibition of florid vocalization rather than of dramatic force and truth was the chief end. As in the case of Gluck, and, later, of Rossini, it was at Paris that Meyerbeer's genius underwent that transformation by which his real greatness was first made apparent. "Robert le Diable," produced there in 1831, is the starting-point of Meyerbeer's real career as a great dramatic composer. Here we have a

style built up from the most composite materials, and an individuality attained by a most refined eclecticism. The suavity of Italian vocalization, the piquancy of French rhythm, the elaborate combinations of German harmony, are welded together with laborious and minute care, and an intense feeling for the dramatic situation, productive of a theatrical effect such as has seldom been attained, even by some composers of far higher natural genius. Weber is perhaps the only master who has excelled Meyerbeer in the intensity of dramatic expression, as applied to scenic action, in romantic and local colour, individual characterization, and the suggestion of the supernatural. In "Robert le Diable," for instance, the contrast between the courtly eloquence of the Princess and the simplicity of Alice, the knightly and heroic bearing of Robert and the peasant roughness of Raimbaud, are especially admirable. But the music of Bertram by no means realizes the idea of the supernatural, nor does the cloister scene approach the incantation music in the "Freyschütz" in its terrible diabolism. In his power of wielding the contrasted effects of orchestra, chorus, and solo singers in prolonged concerted movements, rising to a grand and exciting climax, Meyerbeer may compare with any composer past or present; even with Rossini, in the grand finale to the second act of his "Tell." To pass to Meyerbeer's next, and unquestionably his best, work, "Les Huguenots," produced in 1836—all the best characteristics of "Robert" are here found in a still more admirable degree. Even Weber himself could scarcely have achieved a more individual musical creation than that of Marcel, in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots;" while the general contrast throughout the opera of the Catholic and Lutheran character is in the highest degree true to the dramatic action. In the "Prophète" (1849) the highly-finished skill of the great master is equally apparent, but scarcely with so happy a result. The labour is too evident, the characterization too forced for dramatic verisimilitude, while the music generally is not stamped with the same felicitous impress of place and period that distinguishes the "Huguenots." These, however, are but comparisons between three operas not of quite equal merit, but all great works, and the production of exceptional powers. In each of these operas the exquisite ballet-music should be taken into account as evidencing that geniality of temperament which necessarily belongs to true genius. "L'Etoile du Nord" (1854), although containing some admirable music, has less distinctive character than the three works last referred to, with which it will never be associated in estimation. In his last opera, "Dinorah" ("Le Pardon de Ploermel"), produced in 1859, Meyerbeer's genius appears in a lighter aspect than hitherto, and the fresh vein of melody and genial humour which it reflects are quite as admirable as the more elaborate effects of his greater works. The grand opera, "L'Africaine," which he kept so long in waiting for an adequate representative of the principal part, will, it is to be hoped, no longer be withheld from that large public which awaits impatiently the final great work of a great master. Meyerbeer's several efforts in church music, detached songs and other fugitive pieces, with more or less merit, sink into comparative insignificance when contrasted with his operas. His genius was not self-evolved—it required the stimulus of dramatic situation and scenic excitement, to which it seldom failed to respond; and, although he cannot rank with the greatest masters in universality and variety of power, there have been few composers who have exercised so powerful an influence on the development of the lyric drama as Meyerbeer.

#### MUSIC.

"FALSTAFF" italianized from Nicolai's "Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor" was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday with the success which might have been safely predicted by those previously acquainted with the charming music which it contains. Well-founded as are the general objections to converting Shakespeare's plays to operatic purposes, it must be conceded that in no case could such a process be applied with less irreverence than in that of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the merits of which are rather in the incidents than in the writing. To turn any of the tragedies, with their sublime poetical associations, into opera-books—a desecration that has been committed by both Italian and German composers—is a proceeding that cannot be too highly reprobated; but to take the prominent scenes and characters of the jovial comedy as the groundwork of a comic opera is a very venial offence, if offence at all it be, and is more than justified and atoned for by its suggestion of such genial and pleasant music as that of Nicolai, whose premature death at the age of forty has been an unquestionable loss to stage music. Without any decided or striking originality of manner, such as will entitle him to rank among the great composers, Nicolai's work is so refined and graceful in style, so free, and spontaneous, and masterly in the handling, that the result is eminently satisfactory to all who can enjoy the finished touch of cultivated art, even although it be not allied to original creative genius. In real comic humour Nicolai's opera cannot compare with such works as Rossini's "Il Barbiere," or with Auber's masterpieces. There is a vein of sentiment even in the music attached to the most ludicrous situations, which scarcely realises the fun of the dramatic action. The music of Falstaff himself is inflated and ponderous rather than reflective of that grotesque humour which belongs to the character. Signor Junca, too, although a painstaking and meritorious artist, is too hard and inflexible in manner, is deficient in bye-play, and puts too



little impulse into his music to give warmth and reality to the part. His drinking song, in the second act, though carefully sung, was taken too slow, and missed the effect which it is capable of making. Signor Junca dressed and looked the part admirably, but it was impossible not to feel that it requires a breadth of humour unsuited to his style. Nothing could have been better than the representation of the two merry wives by Mdle. Titiens and Mdle. Bettelheim, whose acting and singing, as Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, were in the best style of musical comedy. Mdle. Vitali, too, made a very interesting Anne Page; while Mr. Santley as Ford, Signor Giuglini as Fenton, Signor Gassier as Page, and Signor Bettini as Slender, with Signori Manfredi and Mazzetti as the host and Doctor Caius, completed an excellent cast. The overture, which has lately become well known by concert performance, includes several pieces from the opera, which are woven together with great skill and consummate mastery of orchestral effect. The opening scene between the merry wives is full of vivacity, tempered by elegance of style, occasionally calling to mind the "Figaro" of Mozart. The details of the orchestral accompaniments are full of fancy and variety, and the several movements have all that completeness of touch which distinguishes the master. Equally charming is the duet for Falstaff and Ford, which, however, would have been more effective if the allegretto movement had not been taken too slow. The duet for Fenton and Anne, in the second act, written with excellent knowledge of vocal effect, is rendered additionally interesting by the obligato violin accompaniment, the concerted cadenza for voices and instrument being of very happy conception. Passing over other pieces of more or less interest, we come to the last scene, in which is some of the best music in the opera. A charming picture of Windsor Forest, with bright moonlight effects, is seen in utter solitude—a strain of orchestral music, perfectly delicious in its dreamy melody, leads to a chorus of invisible singers, and the appearance of Falstaff, and his persecution by the supposed elves and fairies. Some of the music in this scene, full of airy grace and delicate fancy, has been pronounced out of keeping with the situation, inasmuch as the singers are but pretended fairies. This, however, is very realistic criticism, seeing that Falstaff believes the supposed fairies to be really such; and as they address him through the medium of music, it follows that that music should partake of their assumed character. The whole of this scene is charming as it stands in the original, but its uniformity and completeness are much interfered with by the introduction of Signor Arditi's rondo finale for Mdle. Titiens, the style of which is out of keeping with the music of the opera. Of the general performance of the work it would be impossible to speak too highly—solo singers, chorus, and orchestra were all thoroughly acquainted, and apparently well contented, with their music, which, indeed, is written with equal knowledge of vocal and instrumental effect. No doubt much of the efficiency of the first performance was owing to the skill and energy of the conductor, Signor Arditi, who, we believe, has added the connecting links of recitative, rendered necessary by the alteration of the work from its original form of a dialogue opera. Although this is very skilfully done, the change cannot but be disadvantageous, as occasionally interfering with the requisite rapidity of action. The reception of the work was such as to promise an English reputation equivalent to that which it has long and deservedly enjoyed in Germany.

At the Royal Italian Opera, Herr Wachtel has appeared as John of Leyden, in the "Prophète," with less success than has attended his other representations. He requires more scope for demonstrative action than is afforded by a part which demands dignified repose and calm exaltation. The choice was scarcely a wise one. The Fides of Mdle. Destinn, as might have been anticipated from that lady's tendency to the melodramatic style, was occasionally exaggerated and too violent for the subdued grief of the heart-stricken mother. The excessive tremulousness of the voice, too, should be modified—if, indeed, it be remediable.

The following programme of the fourth Philharmonic concert contains, among much of general interest, two items worthy of special mention:—

PART I.		
Sinfonia, in G minor .....	Méhul.	
Aria, "Lascia amor," Mr. Weiss ("Rinaldo") .....	Handel.	
Concerto, Pianoforte, in D minor, Mr. W. G. Cusins .....	Mendelssohn.	
Aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington ("Idomeneo") .....	Mozart.	
Overture, "Cymbeline" .....	Potter.	

PART II.		
Sinfonia, in C minor, No. 5 .....	Beethoven.	
Aria, "Ombre légère," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington ("Dinorah") .....	Meyerbeer.	
Concerto, "Scena Cantata," Violin, Herr Lauterbach, Concert-Master to the King of Saxony (his first appearance in England) .....	Spohr.	
Duetto, "Quel Sepolcro," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss ("Agnese") .....	Paer.	
March, "Egmont" .....	Beethoven.	

Méhul's symphony, although some half a century old, has been so seldom performed here as to possess all the interest of novelty. Of the few instrumental composers that France has produced, Méhul ranks first in the importance and earnestness of his efforts to emulate the productions of the great German symphonic school, founded by Haydn and Mozart. The symphony in G minor is written with a clearness and precision of form, and a coherent arrangement of detail, worthy of the models which its composer

had in view. It has also great vigour and energy of style, but it falls far below either the fresh geniality and vivacious humour of Haydn, or the warmth of sentiment and glowing passion of Mozart; and, with many points of great merit, there are such occasional traces of effort and labour as to prevent it from ranking on a level with those productions of spontaneous genius which Méhul strove but failed to equal. Herr Lauterbach is a performer of very high merit; his tone is full and pure, his execution unerring, and his style expressive without affectation. A finer performance of a classical work has seldom been heard. Mr. Cusins possesses great command of his instrument and much earnest intention, but is deficient in the force and energy required by Mendelssohn's impulsive music. It would have been more considerate towards Mr. Potter's deserved reputation, as a pianist and composer for his instrument, to have allowed his ambitious overture to remain in the obscurity in which it has long rested—it is unworthy of himself and of its subject. The remaining pieces call for no special remark.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE London dramatic events of the last month or two have been of such little comparative importance as to merit nothing more than a general notice. At the Haymarket Theatre, "Lord Dundreary" is at length dead—gone beyond recovery,—after having enjoyed a term of popularity which is counted by years, and not by nights and weeks. Its creator, Mr. Sothorn—an actor of fair ability—having made an exceptional theatrical reputation, and it is presumed a large fortune by this personation, must now adopt one of three courses. He must either retire on his peculiar laurels, while yet a comparatively young man; or invent some equally eccentric and diverting caricature of modern life; or go back into the ranks, and work his way into public favour as a general actor. He is evidently determined not to adopt the first course, and seems to waver between the other two. He has appeared in a weak translation from the French, called "Bunkum Muller," a one-character farce, which it was hoped would supply the place of the dying Dundreary; but this piece of mock-heroic extravagance was a failure, and it has been quietly withdrawn from the bills. His next effort, as David Garrick—a half-sentimental part in a literal translation of M. Mélesville's "Sullivan," a French comedy produced at the Théâtre Français in 1852—hardly promises to be more successful. In this character Mr. Sothorn can do nothing which might not be as well, or even better done by Mr. Howe or Mr. W. Farren, and he must, therefore, fail in sustaining the impression created by Lord Dundreary. Unless he wishes to adopt the last course we spoke of, and become a good serviceable working member of the Haymarket company, and nothing more, he has scarcely acted wisely in selecting such a piece for his reappearance. As the great actor who, in playing Hamlet, has fascinated a young impulsive girl, and is asked by her father to destroy the illusion, he can hardly hold his own with his other playmates, much less ride over them, as he has been in the habit of doing. His elocution is a little too hard, and his manner a little too stern and fixed to play the lover to perfection; and even when lovers are well played, except in Mr. Fechter's case, they are not the heroes of sensational bill-sticking. "David Garrick" may be stuck on the walls, but the honours of the piece are divided, and the laurels, if any, fall into the lap of Miss Nelly Moore, who plays the heroine. We are so lamentably deficient in good "juvenile" actresses, that we are ready to welcome any young lady who possesses natural grace and simplicity, but Miss Moore is worthy of a more intelligent welcome. Mr. Sothorn's mistake has been her opportunity, and she has made the most of this, without knowing it.

The fortunes of the Lyceum Theatre have experienced a sad reverse, owing partly to the accident and consequent illness of mind and body which have befallen Mr. Fechter, but more to the trouble which has been taken to advertise these disasters. "Bel Demonio"—never a very startling success—has been withdrawn, and the company are now amusing themselves, during their master's absence, by performing an old comedy by Mr. Brougham, called "Playing with Fire." "Hamlet" is underlined, with great scenic effects, and the date of its production is fixed for Saturday next. The new French stage at the Lyceum consumes so much time to produce ordinary effects, that it may fairly be pronounced a failure.

At the Princess's Theatre, Miss Stella Colas, the young French actress, has returned, and is again playing Juliet, with great success. Her accent has certainly not improved during her stay in St. Petersburg, which we attribute to the fact that she has been speaking and acting in French for the last six months. Her dramatic force, however, is even greater than ever. We have no young actress who could give such a vigorous and yet delicate rendering of this character, and we must, therefore, be content with "broken English." At the same theatre Shakespeare's extravagant farce, "The Comedy of Errors," still holds its ground, chiefly owing to the performance of the Brothers Webb as the two Dromios. These gentlemen are not remarkably like each other off the stage, and there is probably ten years' difference in their respective ages, but on the stage the illusive resemblance is perfect. Much of this is of course owing to the wig-maker and the dress-maker. The acting of the elder Webb is quaint and forcible, but the whole performance can hardly be considered strictly legitimate. The next "sensation" will doubtless be the appearance of Mr. Ira Aldridge, the real black Othello.

At the St. James's Theatre, in the "Silver Lining," Mrs. Charles



Mathews has at length attained the position she has long been struggling for—that of a leading sentimental actress. Her embodiment of the heroine with many defects and much agitation, chiefly shown in a shrill, unnatural tone of voice, has so much real merit and genuine pathos, that it well deserves the approbation it has received. A new comedy by the banished Mr. Boucicault, who is now vegetating in the provinces, and trying to turn Liverpool into London, is to be produced at this theatre. Let us hope that this will stop the miserable trading feud which has so long existed between the inventor of "headers" and Mr. Benjamin Webster.

At the Adelphi, the German play of "Leah" still keeps its place, with Miss Bateman in the principal character. This character is one which, in stage phrase, "acts itself," and the young American actress's future is still matter of doubtful speculation.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Phelps's Falstaff in "Henry IV." (first part) helps to fill the house, and is a triumph of hard painstaking study, dry humour, and careful intellectual acting. Every point is made to tell, and those who wish to hear how good dialogue may be frittered away, should see Mr. Addison (a very good actor in his line) in the same character. The piece has been judiciously made as spectacular as possible with a moderate outlay.

The managerial mantle of Mr. Boucicault has fallen upon Mr. E. T. Smith at Astley's, and almost smothered him. The whole speculation has been a terrible failure from first to last, and Cremorne will have to pay the losses. Astley's must return to Mr. Batty and the horses, though the way in which the Alhambra Circus has abruptly terminated shows that horse-riding is far from being profitable.

The Olympic still trades upon the popularity of the Anglo-French "Ticket-of-Leave Man." Mr. Robson, we are sorry to hear, is dangerously ill, and we are more sorry to find that he is almost forgotten in London. The management of the Olympic will be changed in the autumn, and Mr. Horace Wigan will be the ostensible director.

The little Royalty Theatre is continuing its career of prosperity, the chief attraction being a burlesque on a German story by Mr. Burnand; and the Strand management have just produced an excellent romantic burlesque by Mr. Byron, founded on "Le Diable à Quatre," which promises to remain for some time in the bills. It is supported by Miss Marie Wilton, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Fenton, and all the burlesque favourites of a peculiar and not too exacting audience.

Most of the theatres have been getting up a certain amount of Shakespearian enthusiasm to order, but they neither believed in their own efforts, nor succeeded in making their audiences believe in them. All the so-called benefits for the London Shakespeare Funds are said to have been financial failures, except an amateur gathering at St. John's-wood, got up by Mr. Gambart. Mr. Dixon has been humbled, Mr. Flower has been glorified; "Flower's entire" has been well sold throughout Warwickshire, though not as well sold as was at one time expected, and Shakespeare remains exactly where he was. Nearly all our few chief Shakespearian actors and actresses have held aloof from the Stratford performances, owing to professional jealousy. We have had no Mr. Phelps, no Miss Helen Faucit, and no Miss Glyn. Mr. Phelps was jealous of Fechter, Miss Faucit of Miss Stella Colas, and Miss Glyn would not act for either party—London or Stratford—because her husband, Mr. Dallas, had written down one side and written up the other. This is called honouring Shakespeare.

Mr. Alfred Wigan is trying his prentice hand on Shylock and Hamlet in the provinces, and, backed by the *Times*, though not by its theatrical critic, he will doubtless soon make his appearance in London. At one time we were threatened with the premature return of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean from Australia, but this infliction has fortunately been spared us.

THE commissioners appointed to award the premiums for the designs submitted in competition for the proposed galleries at South Kensington, met on Friday week for the final decision. There were present, Lord Elcho in the chair, Mr. Tite, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. Pennethorne. After further examination and discussion they awarded the first premium to the design distinguished by the motto "*Ad ogni uccello*," &c.; the second to that marked "To build well," &c.; and the third to that inscribed "*Pro Rege et Legi*," &c. This report having been forwarded to the Chief Commissioner of Works, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., and the letters opened, it was ascertained that the first premium of £400 had been awarded to Captain Fowke; the second, of £250, to Professor Kerr; and the third, £150, to Mr. Borthwick. We understand the decisions were unanimous.—*Express*.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.—The subscription for the restoration already amounts to £20,000. The estimated cost is £40,000.

HER Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has graciously consented to open the Fête and Bazaar which will be held (by permission) in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, in aid of the Female School of Art, Queen's-square, on Thursday, the 23rd of June next.

MESSRS. SMITH, BECK, & BECK have patented a *carte de visite* magnifier. It consists of two plano-convex lenses, carefully fitted with a slide, so as to suit the distance of the eyes in different persons. Under these binocular magnifiers the object retains its natural appearance. The light is doubled. The magnifying power is increased, and this without being any strain upon the eyes. Being achromatic, the spherical and chromatic aberrations are corrected. They are very handy to view *cartes de visite*, and, fitted with a stand, they may be advantageously used by medical men, zoologists, comparative anatomists, geologists, entomologists, engravers, and a host of others.

## SCIENCE.

THE preservation of marble statues, monuments, &c., now engages the attention of the French chemists. A very important series of memoirs on this subject has been recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Kuhlmann, and these have led another investigator (M. Dalemagne) to express his opinion. He thinks that coating such objects as those alluded to with silica is quite sufficient to insure their preservation; and in proof of this he calls attention to the circumstance, that certain busts which were submitted to the process of *silicatization* ten years ago, are now in a state of perfect preservation, whilst others of the same age placed under the ordinary conditions of the atmosphere, but to which considerable attention had been paid, are now in a state of more or less marked decay.

M. Duchenne, of Boulogne, has succeeded in obtaining some very beautiful photographs of the microscopic appearances of various portions of the spinal cord of man. The specimens represent transverse sections of the marrow in the normal and pathologic conditions, and indicate magnifying powers of from 200 to 1,000 diameters. If these representations are sufficiently distinct to admit of their being transferred to stone, the benefit to science will be enormous, for then there will be far less controversy as to the actual structure of minute parts.

A new disease, under the title of *fatty degeneration of the blood*, has been described by Signor Tigri, who finds that the circulating fluid occasionally undergoes a peculiar alteration, which results from the accumulation of a fatty substance in the red corpuscles. This phenomenon, which was at first observed only in extravasated blood, has now been detected in the fluid traversing the vessels. Signor Tigri is of opinion that this discovery will help to explain the nature of certain cases of death in which no apparent alteration of organs indispensable to life has been found.

The veteran naturalist Valenciennes has just given us a description of a fossil crocodile's tooth from the Oolite of Poitiers. The dimensions of this single dental organ, when compared with those of the teeth of recent species, leave little room for doubting that the creature to which it belonged must have measured at least 100 feet in length. It is proposed to call the unknown monster *crocodilus formido*; the conical form and regularly-rounded surface of its tooth are sufficient characters to enable the geologist to distinguish it from the megalosaurus.

According to the late researches of M. Fournié, the falsetto voice is produced by the following alterations of the vocal chords: the two posterior thirds are kept in close contact by the action of the inferior and middle constrictors of the pharynx, and by the contraction of the lateral fasciculi of the thyro-arytenoid muscle. That this condition is the normal one was proved by the production of falsetto notes by an artificial larynx, which had been arranged in the manner above indicated.

In a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus* we find the following statements: In the development of fruits there are three stages, which are distinguished not only by physical but by chemical features. The first period is that of development, *par excellence*. The fruit during this stage is generally of a green colour, and acts on the atmosphere in the same manner as the leaves—that is to say, it causes the decomposition of carbonic acid, and liberates oxygen under the influence of sunlight. In the second period, which is that of *maturation*, the green colour of the fruit is replaced by yellow, red, or brown; the vegetable matter no longer decomposes carbonic acid, but absolutely develops it by the combination of its carbon with the oxygen of the air. Slow processes of combustion take place in the cells of the pericarp, which cause the disappearance of the soluble matters usually found there; the tannin is first destroyed and the acids follow. At this stage the fruit is eaten. The third period is that of decomposition; its final object is the destruction of the pericarp and liberation of the seed. At this time the air enters the cellulose, and acting in the first instance upon the sugar, it gives rise to alcoholic fermentation, marked by the disengagement of alcohol, which, in operating upon the acids of the first, gives rise to ethers, which produce the peculiar aroma. This action, continued, destroys the structure of the fruit, and terminates in complete decay of the tissues.

An alloy described as applicable to the manufacture of all metal articles, bells, hammers, anvils, rails, and non-cutting tools, has been patented by M. H. Micolon, of Paris. The alloy consists of iron with manganese or borax. The patentee takes twenty parts of iron turnings, or tin waste, eighty parts of steel, four parts of manganese, and four parts of borax, but these proportions may be varied. When it is desired to increase the tenacity of the alloy, two or three parts of wolfram are added. When the cupola is ready, the iron and steel are poured in, and then the manganese and borax; finally, the vessel is filled up with coke; the metal is thus in direct contact with the fuel in the cupola, and by quickly running the fused mass into moulds, bells which possess the sonority of silver, whilst the cost is less than bronze, may be obtained.

A most interesting method of economising the consumption of coal has been devised by Mr. Hagan, of New York. This process consists essentially in the combination of water-gas, and ordinary fuel. The water contained in a boiler on the top of the stove or furnace may be supplied daily, as it usually is, to boilers, or by a feed-pipe from a main or reservoir. The water is conveyed through a tube on the inner surface of the stove (but avoiding direct contact



with the coal) till it is emitted in the form of superheated steam at the bottom of the fire. In this position it is decomposed, giving rise to hydrogen and carbonic acid, which, re-acting on each other, produce carbonic oxide. The latter gas is then consumed and develops a considerable quantity of heat. The great advantage of this system is, that instead of allowing half the carbon to escape as carbonic acid, it is entirely consumed, and the only smoke which results is that produced by ammonia and water-vapour.

A very useful and simple rock-boring machine is stated to have been lately employed at Spezzia in cutting one of the tunnels between that port and Genoa. It is asserted that it cuts at such a rapid rate that, if employed in the Mont Cenis excavation, the work would be completed in three years instead of eleven, which is at present supposed to be the period which must elapse before it is finished. Another alleged feature in connection with the machine is that of extraordinary economy of labour, three men and a boy being sufficient to work it, whilst it can be driven either by steam or compressed air.

A new maritime sounding apparatus has been invented by M. Goüezel. A great objection to that at present employed is that currents in the water cause the line of suspension to be bent, and so the apparent depth judged of by the length of line employed is much greater than the real depth. The purpose to which the new sounder is intended to be applied is for the construction of a chart of the bottom of the ocean, which would be of immense service in the laying of telegraphic cables; and, apart from such uses, the possession of such a map would be of great scientific interest. In the improved apparatus, the suspension line is altogether dispensed with; a rod of iron, furnished with nippers at its extremity, supports a cylindrical weight capable of being detached from the rod; above the weight a float of hollow metal is fixed. On striking the bottom of the water, the weight is detached, and the remainder floats to the surface; a small clock enclosed in the apparatus is so arranged as to stop by the concussion, so that the time of descent can be estimated; a bell is also attached; an easily visible object is placed above the whole, so that there may be no difficulty in finding the apparatus after its arrival at the surface.

**ANALYSIS OF OILS BY THEIR REFRACTION OF LIGHT.**—Analytical chemistry being often much at fault in the investigation of the adulteration of oils, M. Sorehon has determined with great care the indices of refraction of several essential oils for the purpose of detecting admixtures. In cases where the indices of refraction are nearly equal in both oil and admixture, circular polarisation can be generally employed to distinguish.

THOMAS HENRY MAUDSLAY, the eminent engineer, so noted for the construction of marine engines, and especially of late for the magnificent powerful ones of our great iron-clad ships, has died during the past week. His age was 72 years.

MR. EVARD has invented a process by which any part of a photographic negative can be intensified or lightened.

### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

PANICS—short, sharp, intermittent panics—appear to be the order of the day. They have been encountered on several occasions during the last twelve or eighteen months, and they will again be frequently encountered before the final great crash ensues. With a high range in discounts, much prosperity has been experienced; but, though it has been well sustained, the public have now and then witnessed a revulsion which has reduced prices, temporarily repressed speculation, and damped the spirits of the most ardent promoters. We are just again passing through one of these scenes of excitement, which, after its first effects shall have been apparent, will perhaps fade away, and leave the markets in a much healthier and better state than they were previously to the event. And then, again, we may have a short round of speculation which will produce a rise, and after the rise has taken place will intervene some question which will once more produce the dreaded reaction. The gradual weakening of confidence which must follow from this state of things will culminate before long in that universal collapse, which is so steadily and so surely maturing.

The advance in the Bank rate of discount on Monday to 8 per cent. was the first sign of the approaching storm. The operators, though they were somewhat prepared for a change, scarcely imagined that it would be so quickly realised, and the effect was at once found to be discouraging. The first day of the week was a holiday at the Stock Exchange, in consequence of the half-yearly balance of the Bank books. On Tuesday and Wednesday the influence of the measure was immediately recognised through the fall in prices not only of bank and miscellaneous shares, but Consols and foreign stocks. The political appearances were of the most doubtful character, because the absence of progress in the deliberations of the Conference caused great uncertainty, and weighed, in combination with the monetary question, very heavily upon the markets. But looking at the fall, many of the securities continue, after all, to be maintained with surprising strength, the effect of high rates for carrying over having lost its influence when prices have constantly been on the advance. This position of affairs will not, however, last for ever; and when the final turn of the "screw" comes, we shall find the depth to which prices will descend, unless the machinery of the Bank charter is facilitated by the action of Government.

Another advance in the rate of discount having been effected on Thursday, and the price now standing at 9 per cent., the public are prepared for anything that may take place. This second rise has been received with more serenity than could have been supposed, and the common remark is, will even 10 per cent. be sufficient to call back notes? A low reserve such as is furnished by the Bank return is sufficient warranty for the proceedings of the Court; but it is understood that it was a great struggle, and that the decision was very close upon the subject. The operators at the Stock Exchange are at present so thoroughly prepared for the worst, that anything like active speculation will be seriously impeded, and we shall, for the next few days, have no sensible fluctuation. There will naturally be depression, heaviness, and variation, but the crisis really looming in the future is not yet due. The bankers and many brokers can scarcely for the instant tell how to shape their course; but as they are principally well supplied, and are not pressed upon beyond their resources, they can work with greater freedom than might be supposed. From the provinces and from America, money is flowing in, and if the Continent shall send supplies, a revulsion will soon be witnessed, and a rebound, though it will not prove permanent, will take place.

The great question debated on Thursday at the last moment naturally was, will the Bank rate go higher? As the directors, in several of their transactions, charged  $9\frac{1}{2}$  and 10 per cent. late in the afternoon, it was inferred that if the extreme advance shall be necessary, the rate will be carried to that point. So far as appearances go, it would seem that the speculators have not been greatly alarmed at this last movement, and are prepared to take calmly, though it must at the same time be attended with loss, any further advance announced. The cause of this last rise is said, among other things, to have been the endeavour to secure £700,000 for export to Egypt; and as the directors, in the present condition of accounts, considered it was not prudent to suffer such an export, they determined at any risk to adopt increased measures of stringency. The money market out of doors has been disturbed by the proceeding, and the rate has gone up in proportion; but still the strain has not been so great as might have been supposed, with fluctuating value in stocks and shares, and the desire to realise manifested in many quarters. The bankers and bill-brokers quite work up to the rate, and in special instances, like the Bank directors, make special prices, which will keep affairs in a state of ferment until it is ascertained if the exchanges will bring capital to this country. The joint-stock banks are strengthening their own resources, and refuse, consequently, for the moment, to make advances to the brokers, giving their own customers the benefit of any assistance they can legitimately provide. The committee of Joint-Stock Banks have decided that the allowance of interest on deposits is to be limited to 5 per cent. for the present, and the bill-brokers and discount companies have not carried their terms beyond 5 per cent. for money at call, 6 per cent. for money at seven days' notice, and 7 per cent. for money at fourteen days' notice. It will require the lapse of a few days before we shall be able to judge how we may be affected by foreign or home politics, and whether this condition of turmoil is to continue.

Taking a rapid glance at prices on the close of Thursday, the majority of the popular securities have undoubtedly held their ground in a most surprising manner. A fall of a half to three-quarters per cent. has occurred in Consols and Mexican; Turkish Greek, and Spanish have gradually receded. But it must be remembered they were all inflated markets, in which the speculators had operated to such a point of ascendancy that the least unfavourable intelligence would at once produce a collapse. And if this is to be said of the foreign stock market, what is to be remarked of the department associated with Bank, Credit, and Finance shares? Surely directors, promoters, and others must look on with complacency, seeing that several properties and share values exhibit so strong a front in the midst of financial pressure of the most anomalous description. Even while there is yet time, let many of them escape with what they may secure, because in the course of the next few months further startling mutations will be experienced.

THE Bank Court, at their sitting on Thursday, raised the minimum to 9 per cent. After the advance, a good demand for money continued to be felt. Out of doors the inquiry was slack, but the price was full up to and over the Bank rate.

THE sum of £20,000 gold was sent into the Bank on Thursday. On Wednesday £36,000 was the amount. These are the first totals for some considerable time past.

CONSOLS after being weak closed with strength. There was a report of the retirement of the Ministry. All foreign securities were extremely heavy; Bank Credit and Finance flat. Further amalgamations are rumoured. This will be a judicious policy, if recognized by the majority of the Companies.

**EASTERN EXCHANGE BANK (LIMITED).**—This company is incorporated with limited liability under the Companies' Act of 1862. The proposed capital is £2,000,000, in 100,000 shares of £20 each. The first issue will consist of only 50,000 shares. It is not intended to call up more than £10 per share, at the rate of £2. 10s. per share, at intervals of not less than three months. The Eastern Exchange Bank (Limited) will have its head-quarters in Liverpool. It is proposed to establish branch banks at Alexandria, Bombay, Calcutta, and other places. The proposed bank will supply a want which has been long felt.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF STATE.\*

In this work, which is a continuation of the Memoirs we have previously received from him, M. Guizot commences the history of his Administration—an Administration which entered office under critical circumstances, and was destined to a sudden termination by the revolution of 1848. It is impossible that this distinguished man should write a book which does not contain something that is interesting, and many wise and thoughtful reflections which are worthy of attention. But we must honestly confess that the present volume, taken as a whole, is dull reading. It is a contribution to the materials of history, rather than history itself. It is occupied in great part with details of transactions which have little interest for the present generation, and will probably possess even less for posterity. No doubt in the evening of his life the ex-Foreign Minister of France finds a certain pleasure in fighting over again his diplomatic battles with Lord Palmerston, and rendering a willing tribute of justice and friendship to the more manageable disposition of Lord Aberdeen. Nor is it unnatural or unbecoming that he should feel anxious to justify the measures and the policy of the Administration over which he presided. But we fear that there are only a select few who will now care to plunge with him into the controversies between England and France on the Egyptian and Syrian questions, and to retrace the steps by which the treaty of July, 1840, between the four Powers, was merged in the convention of July, 1841, to which France was a party. The negotiations that eventually set at rest the irritating question of the right of search, which at one time threatened to cause a serious difficulty between England and France, and the motives and objects, the failures and the successes, of French policy in Spain or in Greece nearly a quarter of a century ago, furnish topics even less inviting. Nor do we now care to dwell on the personal coolness between Louis Philippe and the Czar Nicholas, and the diplomatic bickerings to which it gave rise. If M. Guizot had possessed a quicker perception of the picturesque side of character, if his turn of mind had been towards anecdote and description, and he had been willing to lend himself to the desire which most of us feel for a glimpse of statesmen and politicians in their undress, he might have found, even in the first years of his Ministry, subjects for an amusing and interesting book. Could he have regarded the period in which he played so distinguished a part from a purely historical point of view, he might have given us a work, perhaps less attractive, but more valuable. M. Guizot's character is, however, too austere and unbending for the composition of "Memoirs," in the old, and the pleasantest, sense of the term. Nor can he write as a philosophical historian, of times which remind him that he was once a politician. The result is a volume which is mainly a dry and laboured vindication of the foreign and domestic policy of the Guizot Administration.

We shall not follow the course of M. Guizot's narrative or argument, for we could not hope to render them attractive to any of our readers who are not devoted to the study of obsolete politics. We can only touch upon a few points which strike us as most interesting. The author became Prime Minister of France in October, 1840. He owed his position to the King, whose Minister, rather than that of the people, he was during his whole tenure of power. M. Thiers, who preceded him, had brought the country to the verge of war by supporting the pretensions of Mehemet Ali; while the other four great powers of Europe defended the integrity of the Turkish empire. Louis Philippe was determined not to fight in such a quarrel, and installed M. Guizot in office expressly to keep peace. That object was attained; but, although there are probably few amongst his countrymen who would now refuse to admit with him that the eastern policy of France for the previous few years had been a mistaken one, that the country "had engaged too far in the cause of the Pasha of Egypt, had relied too much on his power of self-defence, and that the question had neither interest nor basis of sufficient importance to induce France to brave a European war," the views of M. Thiers were undoubtedly at the time those of the majority of Frenchmen, and it was only by great firmness on the part of M. Guizot and of the King that they were prevented from receiving practical effect. For this, both the Minister and the monarch deserve the highest credit. The position of the former was one of great difficulty; for, while he had to overcome the susceptibility of the Chamber of Deputies, there was a certain incompatibility of temper and character between himself and Lord Palmerston, which seriously impeded the creation of that good understanding between France and England which was for many reasons requisite in order to render peace secure. Although M. Guizot did not like, he evidently respected, the noble lord, of whom he wrote at that time:—

"I think highly of his understanding. I have confidence in his word. His manner of treating, though a little narrow and perverse, suits me. He is clear, prompt, and firm. I neither believe in his hatred to France or to the King, nor in his imputed perfidies; and as to difficulties, I may say of the misunderstandings occasioned by his passionate love of argument, his disposition to shut himself up in his own constructions, and to push them to extremes without seeing anything above, beyond, or on either side, I am neither offended by, nor do I complain of them. This is the natural construction of his mind; we must accept it, and with a good grace when we treat with him."

\* Memoirs of a Minister of State from the Year 1840. By F. Guizot. London: Bentley.

Lord Palmerston quitted office in July, 1841, and with his successor, Lord Aberdeen, M. Guizot got on much better. This was partly due, no doubt, to the fact that—

"Between the two Ministries there were motives of sympathy more profound than personal predilections. Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues were Conservatives become liberal; we were Liberals become conservative. Whatever might be the difference of origin and position between the two Cabinets, we held strongly similar ideas on the duties and conditions of Government in the present state of European society; and starting from separate points, we marched towards the same goal by following similar tendencies. In these natural analogies of thought and inclination there is a secret power which acts upon men and draws them together, often without design and unknown to themselves."

But it was mainly owing to the friendship which the two statesmen entertained for each other. For the Earl, M. Guizot seems indeed to have contracted the warmest admiration:—

"I never knew a man less fettered within his own ideas, more disposed to comprehend the views and position of others, and to allow them their full share. There was in him, with a prudence which disguised none of the difficulties of an affair, and made no attempt to surmount them but step by step, a freedom and equity of mind which led him, in all matters, to seek for the solution most just to all concerned."

And again:—

"I was more impressed than I can describe by the calm expansion of Lord Aberdeen's mind, and the modest elevation of his sentiments. I found him at once extremely impartial and thoroughly English, a practical politician without contempt for principles, and liberal from justice and respect for rights, although decidedly conservative. At the same time, he seemed to me to have little taste for public and ardent controversy, and disposed to prefer, for the attainment of his object, slow and gentle proceedings."

The relations between the two statesmen soon assumed the most intimate character; but, however much this may have facilitated the agreeable transaction of business, these Memoirs show that the distrust with which a large portion of the English public viewed Lord Aberdeen's disposition to conciliate France by concession was partially shared even by some of his colleagues. Sir Robert Peel himself appears, on more than one occasion, to have entertained and expressed apprehensions that his Foreign Secretary was rather too much bent upon making things pleasant with the Foreign Minister of France.

In 1843, the *entente cordiale* between the Courts of St. James's and the Tuileries was cemented by the visit of Queen Victoria to King Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu, and by the return visit of his Majesty to Windsor Castle. M. Guizot's notices of these visits will be read with interest; and so will his account of that subsequently paid by the Czar Nicholas to the English Court in 1844. At this time occurred those interviews between the Russian monarch and our own Ministers which became, ten years later, the subject of so many animated discussions. It is clear from the following passage that Lord Aberdeen did not then entertain the slightest notion that he had sanctioned, or had even been asked to sanction, any scheme for combined action on the part of England and Russia in the affairs of Turkey:—

"This exclusively French subject being exhausted," M. de Sainte Aulaire wrote, "I asked Lord Aberdeen what he wished me to say to you on the political object of the Emperor's visit. 'I understand your curiosity,' he replied; 'a voyage to England from the Château d'Eu, or from the Château d'Eu to England, may be explained as a party of pleasure; but to arrive in eight days from the extremity of Europe to return eight days after appears less simple; and yet, in spite of all probability, it is positive that the Emperor has neither transacted nor attempted any public business here; the only subject on which we spoke in detail is the Turkish empire. The Emperor much desires its preservation and is very uneasy at its weakness. But he proposed no plan and suggested no project applicable to the different eventualities we may anticipate.' I remarked, however, M. de Sainte Aulaire added, 'in the course of our conversation, that the Emperor Nicholas had declared that, under any circumstances, he wanted nothing for himself. He evinced equal confidence in the disinterestedness of England, with which country he is confident of a friendly understanding, happen what may. But the embarrassments will, he thinks, come from the side of France, who will throw herself impulsively into a question which, the case occurring, ought to be treated with much restraint and wisdom. Lord Aberdeen sincerely believes that these generalities comprise the full scope of the Emperor's thoughts. If he had arranged a plan, if he had come to England to propose its execution, he would assuredly have made some overtures, and he has made none.'"

M. Guizot appears to have flattered himself during the first years of his Ministry that the throne of Louis Philippe was securely established, and that the era of revolutions was closed in France. Soon after he entered office, the body of Napoleon was brought back from St. Helena and was solemnly received by the King in the church of the Invalides. Amongst those who were most hopeful as to the effect produced upon the public mind was the new Prime Minister. Writing to a friend at the time, he says:—

"Behold us, my dear friend, safely cleared from our second defile. Napoleon and a million of French people have found themselves in contact, under the fire of a conspiring press, and not a spark has been elicited. We are more in the right than we think. In spite of many evil appearances and actual weaknesses, this country desires order,

peace, and tr  
resiste  
kindles  
alimen

No  
first in  
But, a  
mains  
subse  
that it  
anima  
ting w  
Orlean  
fairly  
M. Gu  
Deput  
of Fra  
is to-d  
hard t  
politic  
All th  
are sat

"TH  
time e  
from 1  
difficu  
with a  
Paris  
obstac  
remain  
their c  
tinued  
press,  
on the  
attack  
the fut

M.  
disapp  
so to  
pueril  
does n  
maner

We  
which  
lessne  
Meher  
&c.,"  
Londe

TH  
posse  
to dea  
altoge  
expos  
and fi  
long-e  
deep  
surfac  
heart  
conne  
only a  
owes  
grear  
domin  
and E  
for m  
outwa  
on wh  
towar  
scimit  
eastw  
and th  
leader  
in mo  
the fi  
Neje  
comp  
horse  
and I  
Frank  
the ch  
sugge  
virtue  
book  
so tha  
or rid  
the S  
last, I  
has b

\* Ra  
Lond



peace, and good government. Our revolutionary squalls are factitious and transient. They would sweep all before them were they not resisted; but when opposed they stop, like those huge fires of straw kindled by children in the streets, but to which no one brings solid aliment."

No wonder that, on reperusing this letter at the present day, the first impulse of the writer "is to smile mournfully at my confidence." But, although he contends that the restoration of Napoleon's remains to France did not create the Buonapartist feeling which subsequent events showed to exist, there can be scarcely a doubt that it tended to consolidate into a party those who were previously animated only by a vague and indefinite sentiment. Their coquetting with Buonapartism is one of the causes of the downfall of the Orleans dynasty; but for this M. Thiers, and not M. Guizot, is fairly responsible. Even apart from the effect of this measure, M. Guizot was quite mistaken in congratulating the Chamber of Deputies upon the soundness and tranquillity of the social system of France, and in announcing, as he did in 1842, that "the new society is to-day victorious,—preponderant; no one contests it: it has had hard trials and experiences; it has gained for itself civil laws, political institutions, and the dynasty which suits and serves it. All the great conquests are accomplished, all the great interests are satisfied." Wise after the event, he can now see that—

"The position of our internal government in 1840 was at the same time extremely similar to and different from that which had prevailed from 1830 to 1835; better on the surface, but at the bottom ever difficult and dangerous. Insurrections, seditions, and conspiracies with a defined and approaching object had ceased; order reigned in Paris and throughout the country; power exercised itself without obstacle; but the hostility of the republican and legitimate parties remained without change—they had neither renounced their hopes nor their designs; we were constantly in presence of an active and continued attempt at subversion, which pursued its work by means of the press, the elections, the tribune, and all the arms of liberty. Tranquil on the surface and for the moment, the Government was ardently attacked by the opposition of minds and ideas, and with reference to the future."

M. Guizot indulges no Utopian anticipations as to the speedy disappearance of war from a world which has of late years lived—so to speak—sword in hand. But, although he ridicules "the puerile confidence of the friends of peace and of peace societies," he does not the less recognise even in France the presence of a permanently pacific tendency.

We regret that we cannot speak very favourably of the manner in which the translation has been executed. It is disfigured by carelessness, of which a couple of specimens will suffice. At p. 122 Mehemet Ali is described as "one of those aspiring *ambitionists*, &c.;" on the following page we hear of intelligence reaching London "in the midst of a flagrant universal crisis."

#### RAMBLES IN SYRIAN DESERTS.\*

THIS is a work of rare merit—rare for the power of fascination possessed by the writer, and rarer still for its liberality. Having to deal with one of the noblest races of mankind, living in a state altogether peculiar, possessing a strict and rigid system of religion, exposed incessantly to the vicissitudes of war, split up into tribes, and flanked along a large portion of its frontier by regular and long-established despotisms, he discovers everywhere subjects of deep interest, abounding with political instruction. On the surface are thickly strewn the elements of wild romance, while the heart of the subject involves some of the most momentous problems connected with the history of humanity. Arabia, of which Syria is only an appendage, peopled originally from the desert to which it owes its distinguishing characteristics, may be regarded as the great workshop of religions, whence issued the ideas which are still dominant over the civilized world. Fortunately for Turkey, Persia, and Egypt—or unfortunately, as the case may be—the Arabs have for many centuries been much too disunited to direct their energies outwards, and dream of extensive conquests. On the only occasion on which, guided by the intellect of a great man, they gravitated towards one political centre and recognised a single head, their scimitar for several ages was perfectly irresistible, and cut its way eastwards beyond the Indus, westwards to the Pillars of Hercules and the banks of the Loire. At this moment they only require a leader to cement their tribes and put their invincible enthusiasm in motion. The Anezi alone can bring ten thousand spears into the field, and, if we push our investigations southwards through the Nejed, the Hejaz, Yemen, Oman, and Hadiamut, we may fairly compute the force of Arabia at two hundred and fifty thousand horse, which under a new Mohammed might trample down Osmanli and Russ, and successfully bid defiance to the united forces of Frankistan. Into speculations like these, however, the author of the charming volume before us does not enter, though he skilfully suggests them. His object is to describe Arab life as it is, with its virtues and its vices, its attractions and its hardships. When the book opens, we find him on the ground, and so also when it closes, so that we may imagine him to be there still, drinking camel's milk, or riding hungry through the desert, or picking up anecdotes about the Shamai and the Weldi, the Maronite and the Druze. This last, like the Ansairi and the Kadmas, the Metonali and the Yezidi, has been an enigma to travellers for the last thousand years; for we

entertain a suspicion that the Druze nation or sect did not originate with the Egyptian Khalif, Hakim Beamullah, who, we are told, had the strange desire to be thought a god. Niebuhr and Volney were among the first in later times to awaken the curiosity of Europe respecting the Druzes, though the French traveller, through the habit, not uncommon among his countrymen, of jumping over the head of facts to a conclusion, fell into some strange errors respecting their character and opinions. It would be beside our purpose to follow the author of "Rambles in the Deserts of Syria" through his inquiries into the history of sects and tribes, which, however, we must observe he carries on with caution and enlightened liberality. To his pages therefore we refer the reader for the most satisfactory account we possess of many of the various populations of Syria, while as a specimen of his style of narration we select the short but striking story of a Druze girl, whose fate is still spoken of with pity among the wilds of Lebanon. The author introduces it by way of illustrating the ferocity of the Turkish character in many parts of Syria:—

"This was displayed two years ago in a very tragical incident. Signor Guarmani was a young Italian who had been employed by a mercantile house of Beyrout to purchase silk on Mount Lebanon. In a Druze village he engaged the affections of a handsome girl, who agreed to become a Christian and marry him. The difficulty was to get her safe away from her relations, who would certainly have put her to death rather than give their consent. Guarmani found a muleteer carrying grapes to town, hired his mule and panniers, as also his dress, and gave a preconcerted signal under the house of his bride, who joined him at once. Her father, brothers, cousins, soon discovered her flight, and, armed to the teeth, galloped after the fugitives, whom they overtook, but did not recognise in the muleteer singing Arab songs as he jogged along on his panniers, in one of which crouched the resolute girl. A few words of inquiry as to any other party which might have passed him on the road, were adroitly answered, and the danger was over. The Druze bride was baptized and married at Beyrout. For some time concealment was necessary, and finally Guarmani accepted service in the British Land Transport Corps during the Crimean war. He was at Marash purchasing baggage animals for our army, when a disputed contract was taken before the Cadi. In the belief that his adversary had bribed that judge, he used strong language to the latter. A tumult arose. He had scarcely reached his house when it was attacked by a yelling mob. Attempts were made to gain admittance, and volleys of pistol-shots were directed against the door and windows, but Guarmani was brave and determined. His Druze wife assisted him to keep up a close fire on the assailants, in the hope that succour would not be long of coming. She loaded his arms, and was even seen herself firing from a small window. So stout a resistance made the Turks furious, and the house, which was entirely of wood, was set on fire. A faithful Turkish soldier of our Land Transport Corps, named Ahmed Aga, who told me the particulars, got to a back door, and called to the Guarmanis that he would save them if they would but come out that way to him. The woman knew his voice, opened the door, told him hurriedly that her husband was badly wounded and could not move, and that she would never leave him, but she besought him to take their child, which he carried away in safety. The last Ahmed Aga saw of the Guarmanis was the graceful form of the devoted wife tenderly trying to stanch the blood that flowed from her fallen husband's side while the roof was crashing down upon them. Before another hour had passed, the house was a heap of ashes, from which the remains of the unfortunate couple were never dug out."

What were the motives which led the writer to take up his abode among the Arabs, the territories of whose tribes extend along the Syrian frontier from the Euphrates by way of Palmyra to the Dead Sea, we are nowhere informed, though they probably did not originate in mere curiosity. Whatever they may have been they have led to highly interesting pictures of nomadic life, full of diversity, intrepid marauding, and sacrifices and privations which a Hindu Yoghi or an Egyptian anchorite might envy. Among the faults of the book—for we cannot pretend that it has none—is the hurry and bustle in which we are constantly kept. This creates in the mind the craving for a little serenity and repose by way of contrast, and the desert both in Asia and Africa, in spite of pastoral rencontres and hostilities, is well calculated to afford such pictures of calm and quiet. The absence of such landscapes sometimes deprives the narrative of colouring, though we are presented here and there with touches which remind us forcibly of the face of the real wilderness. After a day passed in toiling over sand-mounds and burning rocks on which at noon you might cook a beef-steak, it is beyond imagination delightful to sit down at sunset on the banks of a pool fringed with tamarisks, reeds, and clumps of sant clustering perhaps round the stem of a date-palm, with its long fan-like leaves waving and rustling in the cool breeze overhead. Here your camel crouches beside you, after having stretched his long neck over the water, and betakes himself to munching the provender which you have provided for him. Following his example, you yourself attack your dates and your coffee, and then stretch yourself on your prayer carpet to enjoy a smoke. In pleasures like these our active traveller does not indulge, or at least does not think it needful to describe them. He mounts his mare, he penetrates into the waste in search of a friendly tribe, he comes up at nightfall to the spot where smouldering fires indicate the presence of a camp, he pursues the camel tracks all night, or steers his course by the stars, he comes up at dawn to another halting-place with half extinguished fires, but no tents, and thus he proceeds day after day, hungry, weary, now munching a mouldy crust, now satisfying his appetite with a draught of muddy water or ewe's milk, sometimes burning with

\* Rambles in the Deserts of Syria, and among the Turkomans and Bedaweens. London: Murray.



fever, till, just as final exhaustion is threatened, he overtakes the flitting tribe, and regains his health and strength in a hospitable tent. Nothing can be more delightful than adventures like these when borne with fortitude and terminating in success. Among the desert hordes safety is often insured by complying with a practice of which we find traces in the heroic ages of Greece as well as among the wild kayans of Borneo, whose fierce manners are described in "Life in the Forests of the Far East,"—we mean that of entering into the relations of brotherhood with some powerful chief. This among the Bornean savages is done by mutually smoking each other's blood mingled with tobacco. Among the Arabs it is sometimes effected simply by eating salt together, sometimes by mutual vows, sometimes by giving or taking a sister. In whatever way accomplished, the author of "Rambles" exhibits in a very exciting manner the salutary effects of such a contract:—

"We had not gone many miles, before loud shouts in front gave the signal for a furious gallop, of which I was at a loss to comprehend the motive. I was riding a spirited young colt of the best desert blood, and he ran off with me before I could make out what we were after. Our race continued at tip-top speed, shouts still hieing us on, when I faintly distinguished a long dark line moving across the plain before us. Suddenly many flashes emanated from it, shouts were heard, and bullets whistled about our ears. The shouts waxed louder and louder, our gallop more and more frantic. My colt became quite unmanageable with excitement, and his astonishing speed put me in the first place. The whole dark line fired one more volley at us, but they had not time to load ere we were upon them. It was a large caravan. The camel-drivers begged for mercy, but the Anezi never show any under such commonplace circumstances. Sundry hard knocks from the butt-ends of their spears were the only reply. The head of the leading camel was quickly turned to our course, and in a very few minutes we were proceeding eastwards with our prize as if nothing particular had happened. I began to feel rather queer at finding myself thus on the less respectable side of the question—a companion, not a victim, of robbers. Reja was near me, and I heard him ask what the camels were laden with. It was wheat sent by Mehemed-al-Ganim to the Aleppo market. I immediately claimed the privilege of desert-brotherhood; Mehemed-al-Ganim was my brother, Sajer had become my brother; the Erfuddi could not, therefore, keep the caravan. The Weldi camel-drivers crowded round me, confirming what I had said, and imploring me to liberate them. Reja, with great dignity of manner, said his tribe had come from near Bagdad to fight for the Anezi against the Shammar, and knew nothing of this part of the country, but that, if I would give him my oath that Mehemed-al-Ganim was my brother, the caravan should go free, and the more readily, for none of us having been hit by the fire of the Weldi. I pronounced the requisite formula, and the happy settlers turned back with their fifty camels and hundred sacks of grain; no dissatisfaction being evinced by the Anezi at this unexpected result, so great is their respect for desert law."

By way of variety, we take up the narrative after the writer has passed through the grand solitudes of Mount Amanus, and descended into the plains of Cilicia. The classical reader will have already trodden this ground in company with Xenophon and the younger Cyrus, when the latter was proceeding with his heroic mercenaries to attempt the dethronement of his brother. The ten thousand were moving eastwards over a country which no Turkoman hordes had as yet devastated, but which, on the contrary, was studded thickly with towns and great cities, and cultivated to the highest point by an elaborate system of agriculture. Whoever sets his foot on the land now, and remembers his historical reading, will observe the *ne plus ultra* of contrast, as may be seen from the following passage:—

"On reaching the Chikoor Ova, the great Cilician plain, we directed our course towards a large camp of white round-topped tents in the distance. Horsemen galloped out to meet us. While their purpose was still unannounced, we demanded hospitality for the night in tones calculated to convey the impression that we had either a right to it, or full confidence in their readiness to afford it. A curious pause ensued, during which the wild Turkomans gazed at us undecided, then interrogated each other's thoughts by astonished glances, and we put spurs to our horses and galloped in amongst the tents. We were surrounded by the whole tribe, from amongst whom advanced an old man with a snow-white beard, who, after hearing the account of our arrival by those we had first met, gravely bade us welcome. When seated in his tent, he told us he was Hussein Aga, the great man of the greatest Turkoman tribe, the Tajeerli, and asked who we were. Our answer fully satisfied him and those standing around, who immediately dispersed, some to picket and tend our horses, others to bring in our baggage, while our servants were pitching our tents. Hussein Aga asked, on remarking the latter operation, if his humble tents might not be honoured, and we ordered that our own should be rolled up again, which greatly pleased the Tajeerli, and our journey through their country became at once secure, the bond of hospitality having been acknowledged. This broad plain is the central haunt of the nomadic tribes descended from the warrior hordes, whose constant stream had poured over the Lower Empire with unebbing tide from the commencement of the Christian era, when the Sienpi overthrew the supremacy of the Tanjoos, which had lasted no less than thirteen hundred years, and drove them westwards under the guidance of Suleyman Shah, Timur the Tartar, and Gengis Khan."

From these samples of the author's style and manner, which might easily be multiplied so as to fill a dozen volumes, the reader will perceive what a treat he may promise himself from the perusal of the whole work. It is one of the very few books which may be pronounced too short, because it is everywhere full of informa-

tion, delivered in a lively and picturesque way. Here and there the author touches on very difficult questions, such as the condition of the Eastern Christians, and the possibility of regenerating the Turkish empire. He is convinced, as we are, that the Christians of the East might go on very comfortably with their Mohammedan countrymen if European Governments would spare them the blight of their protection. In those parts of Syria where no agents of the protecting Powers are found, the greatest harmony prevails between the professors of the two religions, and, with some slight and accidental outbreaks, this might prevail universally, if nothing were done by the western communities to stir up the flames of strife. Whether by reform Turkey may be made to renew its youth, and serve as a bulwark against Russian encroachment, no one can of course decide; but as we have already remarked, our opinion coincides with that of the author, and inclines towards the affirmative. Few persons have enjoyed better opportunities than he of coming to a conclusion, for which reason what he says ought to carry with it much weight. Meanwhile, no light is or possibly can be thrown on the future of the Arabs, who on the formation of the Wahabi sect enjoyed an opportunity which they unhappily neglected, and now there is nothing for them but to wait till some man shall arise among them capable of welding their tribes together into one compact and glowing mass, revolving over the great plain extending from the Euphrates to the Nile, and developing within itself those germs of civilization which once extended like a chain of splendour from Bagdad to Damascus, and from Damascus to the City of Victory.

#### THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.\*

Does anybody want to know where to find the best and nicest girls in all England—the kindest, the purest, the pleasantest young ladies we have ever met with—at least in a book? They used to live in the "Small House at Allington." For aught we know—Mr. Trollope knows better than we do—Miss Lily Dale, who became Miss Dale when her sister married the doctor at Guestwick—lives with her mother still. And if there are no better and nobler *men* in the world than such as Mr. Trollope has yet introduced to her acquaintance, we would have this most loveable of women abide still in her maiden home. Crosbie, Adolphus Crosbie of Sebright's Club, is a selfish, heartless coward, a slave to the vain pursuit of social ambition; Johnny Eames, with all his frankness and good feeling, is deficient in strength of mind. Neither of these, in our opinion, could be worthy of Lily Dale. No one shall ever call her his wife, if Mr. Trollope, her guardian, will follow our advice when he has to lead her forth again, as we hope he means to do, in his next novel of this series. We like the custom which he has adopted, on the precedent set by Mr. Thackeray, in certain of his works—that of bringing into a later story, among its background figures, a few of the most interesting characters of a former tale. There is the dear old warden, that pattern of Christian meekness and fidelity, whom Crosbie meets at the cathedral door of Barchester Towers; there is the pushing and prosperous archdeacon, with his daughter, Lady Dumbello, a mere monument of fashionable elegance, a superb and stately Belgravian doll. In the same manner, if Mr. Trollope pleases, we shall again see Lily Dale. She will make the most agreeable and estimable of old maids. It will be such a comfort to her mother, the widow, that Lily should remain at the Small House—it will be such a blessing to the children of Dr. and Mrs. Crofts at Guestwick,—that for Mrs. Dale's sake and for Bell's sake, whom we care to see happy as well as Lily, we would rather not have her married and carried away. This is what comes of being an angel; your friends will never let you go about your own business, and the Allington people cannot spare Lily Dale. Of course they were angry with Mr. Crosbie, when he broke his promise and nearly broke her heart; but they must have secretly rejoiced that she would stay in their village, probably for life. The reader cannot help sympathizing with the Allingtonian interest; nor can he believe that it would have been happier for the girl herself to have got a fashionable London husband, and a showy house in Princess Royal-terrace, Tyburnia, where Lady Alexandrina Crosbie tasted the bitter fruits of her conquest.

It is a question, after all, whether the nice people should invariably be married. There is such a state as single-blessedness, for either sex; and we hold with St. Paul, that if it is a good thing to be married, it is also a good thing not to be married, unless where the couple are personally so fitted to each other, that neither he nor she can live a good life apart. This is not the case with Lily Dale, though it may be so with one or other of her lovers, and we do not like either of them well enough to give her up to them. The best man in the book is Dr. Crofts, who really deserves to own such a wife as Bell; but he is a lucky fellow indeed to obtain Lily for a *belle sœur*, and no worse mother-in-law than the Widow Dale! The country doctor, with his hard work and modest income, who connects himself with this family of the Small House, comes off with the happiest lot.

Lord De Guest is a fine specimen of the plain country gentleman, and so is Mr. Dale of the Great House; but Lord De Courcy is a tyrant, a miser, and a blackguard, as men of any class will sometimes be. There is no typical earl, though Mr. Trollope in his former stories gave us a typical archdeacon and other ecclesiastical officers.

\* The Small House at Allington. By Antony Trollope. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



But we cannot say that he shows equal discrimination in every other instance. His portraits of the uneducated vulgar, and especially of the Cockney, whom Mr. Dickens understands so well, are no better than a coarse caricature. The people at Mrs. Roper's boarding-house are not to be compared with those at Mrs. Todgers's, or with some in Mr. Thackeray's earlier sketches. Mr. Trollope's humour is of a fine and delicate quality, the edge of which is sadly blunted when he attempts to use it upon such material as the Lupexes and the Cradells, in the Burton-crescent chapters of this novel, or the shopmen, bagmen, and London 'prentices of recent fiction, and their female relatives. His talent is that of quiet domestic comedy; when he ventures into farcical exaggeration, he always makes a mistake. With less power of sympathy than Dickens, he is unable to interest his reader in the feelings and fortunes of a low-lived sort of folk. They seem wholly unattractive and contemptible when they fall into his hands, as they did in the insolent writings of Theodore Hook. That Mr. Trollope, however, entertains a sincere respect for the working classes, we will not doubt, though he appears to dislike the families of small tradesmen, whose meanness and ignorant vanity he sometimes labours to expose. He had better let it alone; the time for satirising entire classes of English society has gone by. The period of twenty-five or thirty years, since Boz and Titmarsh began to write, has vastly improved the average standard of intelligence and good manners in the lower middle-class population of this country. Servility and brutality are now the rare exception, where once they are said to have been the rule. We shall all, please God! be ladies and gentlemen in the good time coming; then shall we meet with honour and veracity behind the dignified counter, and with the highest graces of chivalry on the cab-stand, where the gallant coachman, putting his Tennyson into his pocket, shall descend to open the door of his vehicle with a bow, and gather up his reins for an undisputed sixpenny fare. In the meantime, we could wish Mr. Trollope, with his liberal political opinions and kindly nature, to refrain from drawing odious and uncomely pictures of the little people of the Cockney world.

But if we take away the Burton-crescent boarding-house, with its sordid habits and ridiculous airs—if we keep this novelist to the domestic interiors of cultivated society, in town and country, or to the clubs of Pall-mall, and the official parlours of Whitehall, where he is so thoroughly at home—what a truth of portraiture, what a pleasant and well-assured familiarity, are there in Mr. Trollope's sketches of the upper middle class! We do not hesitate to pronounce them better, in some respects, than those either of Dickens or Thackeray, both of whom are undoubtedly superior to Mr. Trollope in humour and wit, in imagination and creative power. We may turn, for example, to that entertaining first volume of the *Cornhill*, in which "Lovel the Widower," alternately with "Framley Parsonage," delights and edifies the judicious reader. In the former, how much hearty fun, how much sly and sarcastic wisdom, how much dramatic force! But in the latter, particularly in those connubial trials and counsels of the Rev. Mark Roberts and his wife, how just an appreciation of the private household of a well-bred English family, with its decorous virtues, and the cares and duties of its social position to be strictly observed! This, indeed, is Mr. Trollope's peculiar theme. He is far less successful when he seeks to delineate the boisterous and eccentric ways of that Bohemian region, where Pendennis and Warrington sojourned in their frank camaraderie upon town. On the other hand, Mr. Trollope is wonderfully well acquainted with the little politics of the ladies, their petty ambitions, jealousies, and tender affections, and with their confidential talk by themselves. The honest, maidenly conversations between the two sisters, Bell and Lily, about their respective lovers, contrasted with the combined manoeuvres of Lady De Courcy and her daughters, who want to secure a husband for Alexandrina, and their subsequent behaviour towards him, when he cannot escape from the match, are related with that profound knowledge of womankind in which Mr. Trollope excels most other novelists of either the male or the female sex. Mrs. Dale, too, is a real, true woman in her virtues and her faults. A widow but forty years of age, with a pair of children, and left rather poor, she has fancied it her duty to renounce all the pleasures of life, and shut herself up in a proud humility, which gives offence to her late husband's brother, who wishes to bestow a part of his own fortune upon the girls, his nieces, and to provide them a handsome establishment in the world. The tenancy of the Small House at Allington, next to the jilting of Lily Dale by Crosbie, is the proper subject of the story. Mrs. Dale very naturally quarrels with her brother-in-law, the squire, who has sought to usurp something like a paternal authority over Miss Bell, with the benevolent design of compelling her to accept the heir to his estates. The daughters, like brave high-spirited girls, as they are, taking their mother's part and rebelling against the dictatorial patronage of their uncle, support her resolution to quit the Small House, in which he has allowed her to live rent-free. It is just one of those family disputes in which all parties have meant well, but some pique or scruple has arisen, and, being exaggerated by a warm temper, has set them at variance without any serious cause. Again, we remark that Mr. Trollope understands this sort of *imbroglio*, which is of the very essence of light comedy, more perfectly than it is understood by most other writers of fiction. He makes it, in fact, one of the principal motives in all his best stories; he develops the effects of *temper* in all the transactions of domestic life. Temper and woman are certainly two of the most important elements of the modern novel, and Mr. Trollope is master of both.

We might, perhaps, regret the speed with which Mr. Trollope

produces new stories, of very unequal merit, if this last were not undeniably the best. Some of his tales, it must be confessed, have been quite unworthy of his genius,—clumsy and unmeaning daubs upon the canvas of farcical fiction, which requires a broader brush and more vigorous hand. In the genteel comedy style of painting, with finer strokes and on a smoother surface, the novel we have now before us is a masterpiece of art. Enough has been said of the management of its characters and incidents to show the main interest of the plot, which should not be revealed prematurely to those who have the book still to read. Its greatest charm, as we mentioned in the outset of this review, lies in the two daughters of the Widow Dale, who are the most natural young women, the most attractive and the best behaved, without a grain of either prudery or sentimentalism, that any contemporary novelist has invented. We beg that the author will go on, to manufacture a great many more good and pleasant girls of the same quality, and let us have the world stocked with them as early as possible, to keep out the intolerable she-devils, on the one hand, and the impracticable she-saints on the other, who swarm in the opposite ranks of the criminal and the "serious" novel. There is something very beautiful in the simplest movements of poor Lily after she is smitten with that cruel injury which has bruised the noble flower and cast it down in the garden of her home. Once, only for a moment, she has wept on her mother's bosom, without a word of anger or complaint; then she has lifted up her head and smiled through all her sorrow; a long illness has spared her the bitter condolence of her neighbours; the appointed time for Crosbie's marriage with her rival has come round. Lily wakes in the morning, by her mother's side. It is the 14th of February:—

"Mamma," she said, "how cold they'll be!" Her mother had announced to her the fact of the black frost, and these were the first words she spoke.

"I fear their hearts will be cold also," said Mrs. Dale. She ought not to have said so. She was transgressing the acknowledged rule of the house in saying any word that could be construed as being inimical to Crosbie or his bride.

"Why should their hearts be cold? Oh, mamma, that is a terrible thing to say. Why should their hearts be cold?"

"I hope it may not be so."

"Of course you do; of course we all hope it. He was not cold-hearted, at any rate. A man is not cold-hearted, because he does not know himself. Mamma, I want you to wish for their happiness."

Presently, when Mrs. Dale is gone downstairs, Bell comes into the invalid's bedroom, to help her sister to dress, and to bring her the toast and tea:—

"You must be very careful in wrapping yourself up," said Bell. "The cold is what you would call awful."

"I should call it jolly," said Lily, "if I could get up and go out. Do you remember lecturing me about talking slang the day he first came?"

"Did I, my pet?"

"Don't you remember, when I called him a swell? Ah, dear! so he was. That was the mistake, and it was all my own fault, as I had seen it from the first."

"Bell for a moment turned her face away, and beat with her foot against the ground."

"I understand, Bell. I know what your foot means when it goes in that way, and you sha'n't do it. It means anger against him, because he discovered before it was too late that he would not be happy,—that is, that he and I would not be happy together if we were married. . . . He was very foolish to fall in love with me. And so was I very foolish to let him love me, at a moment's notice,—without a thought, as it were. I was so proud of having him, that I gave myself up to him at a moment's notice, without giving him a chance of thinking of it. In a week or two it was done. Who could expect that such an engagement should be lasting? . . . 'Bell,' she said, stopping her other speech suddenly, 'at what o'clock do people get married in London?' . . . And then she remembered that that other lady might at this very moment possess the name which she had once been so proud to think that she would bear herself. 'I think I'll get up now, Bell; only it's so frightfully cold that I'm afraid. There's a beautiful fire, but the fire won't go all round me, like the bed does. I wish I could know the very moment when they're at the altar. It's only half-past ten yet.'

"I shouldn't be surprised if it's all over."

"Over! what a word that is! A thing like that is over, and then all the world cannot put it back again. What if he should be unhappy after all?"

"He must take his chance," said Bell, thinking within her own mind that his chance would be a very bad one.

"Of course he must take his chance. Well,—I'll get up now." And she made her first step into the cold world beyond her bed. "We must all take our chance. I have made up my mind that it will be at half-past eleven."

"When half-past eleven came, she was seated in a large easy chair over the drawing-room fire, with a little table by her side, on which a novel was lying. (See Mr. Millais' engraving of this scene.) She had not opened her book that morning, and had been sitting for some time perfectly silent with her eyes closed, and her watch in her hand."

"Mamma," she said at last, "it is over now, I am sure."

"What is over, my dear?"

"He has made that lady his wife. I hope God will bless them, and I pray that they may be happy." As she spoke these words, there was an unwonted solemnity in her tone which startled Mrs. Dale and Bell."

Is not this passage, with a few others like it, more touching than any amount of fine ecstatic declamation could be? Lily is



not the girl to die of a broken heart, as a commonplace heroine of romantic tragedy would do. She revives, in all her former activity and cheerfulness, though she now and then feels the pain of an incurable wound. There are some women, indeed, who are converted into earthly angels—not sour and vindictive *saints*—by the suffering of one grievous wrong. Lily is such an angel, who can laugh with her friends, and love the innocent sports of home, and busy herself with a sister's and mother's happiness, in spite of the loss of her own. She works, she reads, she visits, and the little circle at Allington is still delighted with the sallies of her delicate wit.

It is a false and ignoble custom of our popular romance writers to conclude in all cases with a matrimonial success, and to bestow the favours of fortune, with all the pleasure and the pride of life, upon the souls beloved of Heaven. Failure and disappointment, with the spirit of Lily Dale to endure them, are the true burthen of the best stories that can be told in this world.

#### THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.\*

UNDER a rather clumsy and clap-trap title, we have here an account of the origin, progress, labours, and results of the United States Sanitary Commission, established in the early days of the war by the women of America, for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of the Federal Government. The movement grew out of the work performed by ladies of the Northern States in the preparation of lint and bandages. It soon became painfully manifest that there were more serious tasks than this to be encountered, and a "Women's Central Association of Relief" was started in New York. This body, together with two others connected with the New York medical profession, memorialized the Secretary at War with a view to the establishment of a Sanitary Commission, for attending to the wants of the army, and preventing those miseries from which the British troops in the Crimea and the French troops in Northern Italy suffered so acutely. The Government approving of the design, a large number of women, and of medical men, clergymen, and others, enrolled themselves in the proposed body; branches were formed in all the cities, towns, and villages of the North; all the publicity which the post and the press could give to the idea was invoked by its initiators; the Executive Committee took up its head-quarters at Washington, and round each centre of action throughout the States a number of auxiliary towns were grouped. Of course, a good deal of opposition had to be overcome. The Medical Bureau of the army was jealous of what looked like, and indeed proved, a formidable rival; but, after a sharp contest, the Executive Committee of the Sanitary Commission procured the passing of a bill through Congress, fundamentally reorganizing the medical department, and appointing a corps of general inspectors. A vast amount of information has already been collected and tabulated by the private Commission; several of the best works on medicine and surgery have been reprinted at their expense, and circulated gratis among the surgeons; information of the movements of the army is obtained in advance, so that physicians and others may be despatched beforehand, to ascertain what are the peculiar diseases of the locality; hospital transports have been organized (some of them on board river steamboats), and extempore kitchens constructed by placing large cauldrons on wheels, from which soup can be served out to the weary soldiers with the utmost facility and speed, over the whole of a large battle-field, as soon as the cessation of hostilities permits such an operation; a vast number of articles of food and luxury, drugs, blankets, sheets, quilts, pillows, and other stores, have been distributed, not merely among the soldiers of the Union, but among the rebel prisoners; and the comfort of the fighting man has been otherwise provided for in many ways. The expense of all these operations and gifts is borne by the voluntary contributions of the people, the Government never having been asked to contribute anything. The waggons, horses, and mules employed by the Commission are all its own property, and it has had to charter ships and to pay its agents. We are told that the entire cost of management is under three per cent. per annum of its income; yet the volume before us concludes with an urgent appeal to England, and to Europe generally, for additional support. One thing seems to be clear—that the Commission has worked nobly in the cause of suffering humanity, and has done excellent service. The ladies are described as acting under circumstances of great peril with the utmost courage and coolness; and it appears that among them are some of our own countrywomen.

A model receiving hospital, invented by the Commission, is thus described:—

"Another suggestion of the Commission, and one which the medical officers of the army quickly adopted, was a model receiving hospital. A rapidly constructed, airy, and easily transported building for the sick is a desideratum in all armies, and it is doubtful whether anything could be much better than the one in question. It consisted of trunks of trees placed upright at proper distances, roofed over with tarpaulings, and the sides covered in with tent-duck, which latter could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The first hospital of the kind constructed contained fifteen hundred beds."

A "Department of Special Relief" has also been established, for providing homes for the sick, wounded, or discharged soldier, and

\* A Woman's Example and a Nation's Work. A Tribute to Florence Nightingale. London: Ridgway.

otherwise helping him on in the world. Whatever may be our opinions of the war—whether we be Northern or Southern—we cannot but admit that this is true Christian work; such work as makes even the brute ferocity of "men arrayed for mutual slaughter" take some impress of advancing humanity and civilization. The need of such assistance has been as great in America as it was in the Crimea; for in the first year of the civil war the condition of the Federal forces in the field rivalled that of our own poor fellows before Sebastopol in the autumn and winter of 1854-5. The small thin volume we have been noticing contains a curious account of a laborious and honourable body, and, notwithstanding a little superfineness of style occasionally, it will be read with interest, more especially by those medical men with whom the condition of armies has been made a subject of study.

#### COLONIAL ESSAYS.\*

THIS is a collection of essays on colonial subjects, originally written in the Dutch language and contributed to Dutch periodicals. If, indeed, we may judge by slight slips here and there, we should say that it has also been translated into English by a native of Holland. In that case, we can congratulate him upon the success with which he has accomplished his task; for in the main the translation reads exceedingly well, and betrays but few marks of a foreign origin. The first paper in the volume is occupied with the definition of the word "colony," and with a classification of the different kinds of dependencies which are included under that title. We are not aware that any very important practical result is attained by this; but those who find a pleasure in dividing and subdividing everything, and in putting away its parts on appropriate mental shelves, will find our author's system well worthy of attention. We have then a survey of the English possessions in America. The notices of Canada and the other North American colonies, and of the West Indian islands, are meagre enough, though, so far as they go, they seem careful and accurate. These dependencies do not, in fact, possess much interest for a Dutchman. His forefathers had nothing to do with founding them, and their present condition casts very little light upon the problems with which the Government of Holland have now to deal in Surinam, Java, and Borneo. But the swamps and forests of British Guiana—a colony about which few Englishmen either know or care anything—have for our Dutch friends the highest attraction; since their ancestors first settled on its wild and scarcely inhabited coast, and established on the banks of the Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice, the wealthy plantation colonies which bear their names. Until nearly the end of the last century, these colonies were still subject to Holland, nor was it until 1814 that they were definitively transferred to England. The neighbouring province of Surinam still belongs to its old masters, and Dutchmen therefore naturally watch with some curiosity the result of the system which we pursue in our portion of Guiana. Accordingly, the account of British Guiana is very full and instructive. Its physical features are clearly described; its economical condition is discussed; and we learn all that any one need care to know of its produce and capabilities. Altogether this is a very interesting paper. We are glad to hear that the Dutch Government are at last seriously considering the emancipation of the slaves who are still held to bondage in Surinam. Our author, who warmly advocates this measure, expresses his confident belief that, by availing themselves of the experience of British Guiana, they may adopt such measures as will considerably diminish, although they may not altogether prevent, the shock which emancipation must at first give to Surinam. It is indeed clear from the facts he mentions, that this measure and its proper accompaniment—a large introduction of free labourers—cannot long be delayed; for he tells us that the number of slaves in Surinam is continually decreasing, and that, unless something be done to procure a more ample supply of labourers, the produce of colonial wares will, in a few years, be almost totally discontinued.

The island of Java is the most important colony at present possessed by Holland. Its principal productions are coffee and rice, both of which are raised under highly artificial systems of arrangement between the Government and the cultivators. Intended to stimulate the cultivation of these favourite articles of commerce, it seems to be at last dawning upon the minds of some Hollanders at any rate, that the effect of such arrangements must, in the long run, be just the reverse. The author of a very able paper upon the rice culture unhesitatingly gives it as his opinion that the diminution which has lately been observed in the production of that grain is mainly due to "the usages concerning the property in land prevailing in Java, the existing culture system, and the prevention of the free development of a European industry." And we gather from another essay that the cultivation of coffee is in a declining condition from similar causes. The author of the latter article is disposed to trace to Africa the first use of coffee; and, as the point is one of some little interest, our readers will perhaps be glad to know the authority on which he disputes the generally received opinion on this subject:—

"It seems to be more than probable, that the use of coffee did not originate in Arabia, but was introduced into that country from the opposite shores of Africa. In the work of Sheikh Abd-alkader Ansari,

\* Colonial Essays. Translated from the Dutch. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. Zutphen, Holland: W. J. Thieme & Co.



whose words we have already cited, we read the following concerning this:—

“As regards the first use of coffee, the Sheikh Schehab-eddin Abd-algaffar gives an account which we shall mention here.

“In the beginning of this century (the ninth of the Hedschra) we heard in Egypt that there was established in Yemen the use of a drink which was known there under the name of Kahoea, and of which the Sufisian Sheikhs and others partook so as to become more able to watch during the night, when they sing the praise of God, according to the well-known rules of their order. A short time later, we learned that the first knowledge and the continually increasing use of that drink in the same country must be ascribed to the words and example of a man who was renowned for his science and his piety, namely, the learned Imam Mufti Dschamal-eddin Aboe Abd-allah Mohammed, a priest who showed the way to spiritual life, and who, in consequence of his being a native of Dhabhan, a well-known town in Yemen, bore the surname of Dhabhani. This Imam, as we were subsequently informed, was appointed to ratify the sentences of the judicature in Aden, where, at that time, a particular person was charged with the office. All sentences were brought before his eyes and subjected to his judgment; when he approved of them, he marked them with a certain autographical sign, while in other cases he pointed out what was to be corrected. Once there was an affair concerning which it was necessary that his judgment should be known, and in consequence he was obliged to go from Aden to the coast of Adscham, where he remained for some time. During this stay he saw that the inhabitants made a general use of the Kahoea, whose qualities, however, he did not know, as he did not try it. But some time after he had returned to Aden, it happened that he became ill, and as he then recollected the use of the Kahoea, he tried it as a remedy and experienced great relief. He discovered in the Kahoea the qualities of driving away all drowsiness and dulness of the brains, and of giving nimbleness and life to the body. And when he afterwards entered the order of the Sufis, he accustomed himself with all the other monks of that order to seek a continual benefit from this drink. All the other inhabitants of Aden, not only the scholars, but also all common men, very soon followed this example, and so promoted their cheerfulness when exploring the several sciences or when exercising their duties and handicrafts. And thenceforth, the use of this drink gradually became more general.”

“Abd-alkader cites some other witnesses, in order to confirm the truth of the story he relates, and finally he concludes with observing that in the year in which he wrote his work (996 of the Hedschra, or 1589 A.C.) more than a hundred years had passed away since that drink had come into use in Yemen. ‘But,’ he adds, ‘I speak here only of Yemen and not of other regions, because we do not know when they began to drink coffee in Abyssinia, Adel, and Adscham.’”

The last paper in the volume is devoted to a description of the difficulties which beset the Dutch in maintaining their hold upon their colony of Banjermassin on the coast of Borneo. It seems to be to them very much what the Cape of Good Hope was to us, before we finally broke and destroyed the power of the Kaffirs.

#### AN ACTOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

ACTORS are certainly, in their way, a curious and interesting set of people. Many are, or have been, the sufferers, the degradations, and the desperate struggles, that have saddened the career of those performers who labour nightly for our amusement—trials of which we, sitting in front of the curtain, in the midst of lights and gaiety, and sensible only of being pleased and entertained, have probably no conception. Books with the special object of revealing these facts, however, have frequently been written, in which all the principal and most important events in the life and progress of an actor, both on and off the stage, are described with fidelity; and glances into the more remote and less known regions of what may be termed the mimic world of life and manners are thus afforded to the ignorant spectators of the play. Of this class is the book now under notice. It relates, in an autobiographical form, which the writer, for reasons of his own, styles “Confessions,” the trials, hardships, privations, and varied fortunes of a poor strolling player, who, like a great many other persons, being in his youth fired with the ambition of becoming a great tragedian, essays the part of Hamlet in a small manufacturing town in Scotland, breaks down on the stage before he has uttered a word, and of course completely fails. He is, however, persuaded to continue the line of life he has chosen, and then, after going through a series of theatrical adventures and vicissitudes, both in London and the provinces, and appearing in all kinds of different characters and capacities (frequently undertaking several at a time, and for a miserable pittance), is at length literally starved out of the profession. Having previously ruptured a blood-vessel near the lungs, our author, who, by the way, is a Scotchman, writes, by the advice of his surgeon, to his friends at home for money, and finally returns to his native city to dwell there in privacy, thus renouncing for ever all his notions of becoming a great actor. The book concludes with an admonition to those desirous of shining as theatrical heroes, not to go on the stage.

The work is, in many respects, a curious one, as it minutely describes, not only the severe sufferings and struggles for very existence which many a poor actor, including some of our most celebrated ones, has had to undergo before he has attained to anything like eminence in his profession, but likewise the numerous straits, emergencies, and contrivances to which several of the strolling companies and some of the humbler country managers are

frequently compelled to resort for scenery, properties, articles of dress, sometimes even performers themselves, and divers officials required in the various departments of a theatre, which even in the very smallest must always be more or less numerous. So great, it seems, is the paucity of some of these essentials, that one shirt, doublet, cloak, or scarf, and pair of “tights,” “leggings,” or shoes, is often obliged to do duty again and again in several different parts, and for several different persons; while one actor is frequently forced to play three or four characters in the same piece, besides officiating as prompter, stage-assistant, scene-painter or shifter, carpenter, leader of the orchestra, or other agent of the establishment. Much of this mode of life has already been graphically depicted by Washington Irving, in his “Tales of a Traveller” (Part II., “Buckthorne and his Friends”), and also by Mr. Dickens, in “Nicholas Nickleby”—*vide* Mr. Crummles and his country theatre and company of actors, to whom, we perceive, the work under notice is “respectfully inscribed.”

Although chiefly written in the somewhat vulgar, conventional, and “clap-trap” style which appears to be almost inseparable from those who follow the theatrical profession, and occasionally sprinkled with technical slang, the book is nevertheless frequently relieved with touches of real pathos and feeling, while at the same time it conducts the reader behind the scenes, and so gives him a considerable insight into a world of which he knows but little. In his twenty-eighth chapter and the two following, the author gives a very good account of the rather numerous class of “Bohemians” who live entirely by swindling until they are detected, and sentenced to transportation or penal servitude for life. The 27th chapter, which “details the art and mystery of getting up the grand Christmas pantomime of ‘Harlequin and the Tyrant King, &c.’” is, in some respects, a reproduction of an article in an old number of *Household Words*, entitled “Getting up a Pantomime.” Our author has given a very capital and humorous account of his *début* on the stage as Hamlet, and a whimsical description of the melodrama of the “Castle Spectre,” as performed in a country booth, in contrast to the regular theatres, with the abbreviations and sidelong extemporaneous dialogue between the performers and the manager at the wings.

#### LEARNED VAGARIES.\*

It might have been hoped that the interpretation of hieroglyphics, by Champollion and his followers, had taken the inscriptions and monuments of Egypt out of the grasp of fanciful theorists, or at least that any new conjectures would not be started without a previous examination of Champollion's system. So it was, for a time; but recently, whether owing to the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis's doubts, or to the slow progress of Egyptology, interpreters of the old school, who follow the rule of making anything out of anything, again have shown themselves, and expect to be heard. It is a pity that the academies which flourished in the depth of Italian debasement are no longer existing; then the Fantastici might have claimed the authors, and the Insensati the readers, of such lucubrations.

“Hekekyan Bey, C.E., of Constantinople, formerly in the Egyptian service,” as he writes himself in the title-page, is, notwithstanding the Pharaonic descent to which he lays claim in his treatise, an Armenian, educated in England, and long in the service of the Viceroys of Egypt as a civil engineer. It is necessary to be thus far personal in order to explain the strange combination of tastes which has produced this extraordinary book. The author's sympathies are Egyptian, and, though he makes large use of mathematical knowledge, it is to develop essentially Oriental, not Egyptian, theories. He may be compared to Dr. Barth's Nigritian friend, who was discovered reading an Arabic translation of Plato in the remote capital of Baghirmi, in Central Africa, except, unfortunately, that it is not Plato, but Hekekyan, who is read to our wondering ears. We all remember the late Mr. Horner's researches in the Nile deposit, and the wonderful piece of burnt brick that proved an antiquity of 11,000 years, not for the Egyptians, but, alas! as it was afterwards shown, for the Romans in Egypt. Mr. Horner himself did not conduct these explorations; had he done so, his shrewdness might have detected the Arab, who dropped the bit of burnt brick into the pit. The excavator was Hekekyan Bey, whose head was thus filled with the relations of geology and chronology, until, by the aid of mathematics and his strange turn of mind, he produced a book, not only new, but written in a perfectly new language. Never in print have we met with anything so hyper-sphingian, if we may be allowed to follow the example of the coiner of “hydromathematic, geochronological, astrogeological, hidrymatized,” of “osirtasic ordinates, and hydromasonic depth.”

Hekekyan Bey's theory, if it can be explained (which we doubt), cannot be disproved. None but an audience of Hekekyans could enter into more than its barest outline, for the common intelligence of man can neither understand nor retain the meaning of its symbolical language. Is it that the author wishes not to let the vulgar at once into his secret, or that he supposes hieroglyphics to be appropriate to the subject?

There are two ways of dealing with a work of this character: either to show its general inconsistency with recognised science, or

\* A Treatise on the Chronology of Siriadic Monuments. By Hekekyan Bey, C.E. For private circulation.

An Introductory Key to the Hieroglyphic Phraseology of the Old Testament By Vice-Admiral Saumarez. Bath: James Lewis.

\* Glimpses of Real Life as seen in the Theatrical World and in Bohemia: being the Confessions of Peter Paterson, a Strolling Comedian. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.



to give instances of the author's mode of handling subjects within the comprehension of all scholars. Perhaps it would be of little avail for us to state that the results of Egyptology, here utterly ignored, are fatal to the Siroiadic chronology, and that the dog-days seem to be more traceable in its composition than the dog-star; and therefore we prefer to show the application of the system that ignores Champollion, to the elucidation of well-known provinces of knowledge.

Hekekyan Bey treats in some detail on Hebrew chronology, which he explains on an entirely new system, that would have astonished the most daring of the rabbins. In order to ascertain the time of any event, he imagines a certain set of numerical data to be concealed in the narrative, as though it had been written in a kind of cypher. Thus, from the account of the numbers of Jews carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar, he draws up the following list:—

1. The named individuals, Seraiah and Zephaniah = 2 (ξ).
2. The 3 (δ) doorkeepers, and 1 (ς) scribe.
3. The 3023 (f) prisoners in the 7th (g) year (7 is a masonic number).
4. The 832 (h) prisoners in the 18th year (18 is the date of reign).
5. The 745 (l) prisoners in the 23rd (m) year (23 is a masonic number).

The number of prisoners 4600; and the sum of years 48 (n)."

The numbers he supposes to conceal the data for calculating the length of time from certain chief events in Jewish chronology to the event in the narrative of which they occur; but to gain this information he is obliged to resort to the most extraordinary arithmetical handling of the figures. In cases in which there are no numbers given he endeavours to elicit them by arbitrarily reckoning actions or inanimate objects so as to obtain data for his extravagant calculations. He does not seem to perceive that, by the idea that history was written in order to convey chronological information in a secret manner, he takes away from it every fact, and leaves nothing but a mathematical shadow.

The reader will have no difficulty in understanding how a writer, with such extraordinary fancies, can convince himself that every Egyptian monument, by its form, mathematically records its date, and will not require us to attempt an explanation of the daring and flexible method by which our scientific acrobat performs his *tours de force*. Enough of Hekekyan Bey, from whom we part in the hope that all fanciful prophets may secure so valuable an auxiliary.

Admiral Saumarez is not far behind his eastern rival. Both write in hieroglyphics; but the Englishman affords this aid, that he allows us the benefit of a translation. However, he is in one respect inferior. Hekekyan Bey is wholly novel, Admiral Saumarez merely gives us an old theory long thoroughly exploded. It used to be a favourite idea, fifty years ago, that the original of the Pentateuch was written in symbols. Admiral Saumarez has revived this idea, and, like Hekekyan Bey, improved upon his predecessors. He first translates all the substantives from the authorized version into Egyptian hieroglyphics, generally neglecting the adjectives and particles, and then makes a fresh English translation on the theory of a second or hidden meaning. Thus for heaven and earth he would read lands, with and without religion; for a firmament, a colony; for great whales, chief priests; for fowls, priests in general; and so forth, the result being that the clear simple record becomes unintelligible, even when the fullest latitude is given to the interpreter.

It would be an impertinence to the reader were we to disprove in detail so absurd an hypothesis. The idea disproves itself; else, ancient literature were nothing but a series of enigmas, never to be safely interpreted. Here, indeed, would there be occupation for Convocation. Can one imagine a writer supposing such a theory to be true, and not foreseeing its momentous consequences? Were the subject not ridiculous, it would be shocking.

In reading books like these it is impossible not to feel satisfaction at the great advances knowledge has made through the discoveries of the two schools of students, at whose heads must be placed Champollion and Rawlinson. Nonsense can still be talked about Egyptian symbols and hieratic lore, but we have the means of disproof, and the utmost that the scientific heretic can gain is a local fame and a limited hearing. The old masters of the art of archaeological mystification are forgotten. No young man fresh from either of the universities has heard of the Hutchinsonian system, or knows the name of Bryant. Higgins still retains a precarious place on the shelves of our libraries, but this is due to the rarity of his books and their occasional infidel tone, rather than to any interest such farragos of rubbish can still excite. We do not fear that these last attempts will either attract attention or discourage investigation, though we regret that the rewards of Egyptology are so few that there is but one professorial chair, or at most two, to which the public can look for an authoritative opinion on such matters as those treated of by this strange pair of writers.

#### EMILIA IN ENGLAND.\*

EMILIA in England, it is evident, will in due time be followed by Emilia in Italy. In the meanwhile, we have to make a part do duty for a whole, and to treat a fragment as an entirety. Although stamped, like all Mr. Meredith's productions, with a peculiar kind of cleverness and some singular characteristics, with subtle reflec-

\* Emilia in England. By George Meredith, Author of "The Shaving of Shagpat," &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

tion, introversion of mental vision, and insight into the springs of human action, yet the work before us is, we must confess, for several reasons, eminently unsatisfactory: partly because of its sectional nature, above alluded to; partly because the character of the heroine is as yet immature, and her career undeveloped; and partly because the other personages introduced, with the exception of one, who rather romantically and most unexpectedly shoots himself, are all necessarily unfinished portraits. The division of the narrative has also, in consequence, led to undue enlargement in matters of minor importance, whereby its interest is diminished, and the mind of the reader perplexed. Emilia is the daughter of an old Italian violoncellist, who has only a dim perception of the treasure he has in his daughter, and is perfectly willing to dispose of her, personally and artistically, to either Jew or Greek who is willing to pay even a moderate price for the fee-simple of her accomplishments. Both amateurs and "professionals" contend for her; and it is to avoid the odious importunities of persons of this latter class, to which she is subjected, that she leaves her father's humble domicile for lodgings with a farmer in the country, where her evening singing in the woods brings her into the circle of a neighbouring family, with whose fortunes in life her own are subsequently, and with various reciprocal effects, intermingled. The Poles are wealthy people, residing at Brookfield, a country mansion, some short distance from town, and endeavouring to acquire the status and habits of county gentry. Mr. Pole, a widower, is a London merchant, somewhat given to old port, extensive speculations, and bad grammar; Wilfrid, his only son, is an officer in the army, very bold and decided in action, but very weak in intellect and irresolute in character. The three girls, Arabella, Cornelia, and Adela, are nicknamed by their friends, one Pole, another North Pole, from her extreme coldness of demeanour, and the third, May Pole, from her unusual stature—all clever tacticians, and all possessed of high-flown notions in those matters of social science mostly cultivated by the feminine mind. These young ladies constitute what King Alfred has called for us "the spindle side" of the illustrious house of Pole. Upon the discrimination and development of character among this sisterhood, who habitually regulate their conduct to each other, and to society in general, by a sort of moral centigrade scale of nice feelings, and their appreciation of others' qualities by a similar instrument indicative of what they call fine shades, quite as much as upon the character of the heroine herself, Mr. Meredith has expended much labour and ingenuity; while in the person of Mrs. Chump, the rich and vulgar relic of an Irish alderman, who about equally divides her admiration between her friend Pole, the widower, and his wine, he has brought forward what may perhaps have been intended as in some measure a foil to the rather overstrained delicacy and double-refined sentimentalism of the ladies of Brookfield. But, if useful in this respect, she has little to do with the progress of the story, which, to speak the truth, keeps the reader at times a good deal in back-water.

Wilfrid becomes desperately enamoured of Emilia, who is a prodigy of art as regards her voice, and of artlessness as regards her *morale*, for a girl of eighteen. Mr. Pericles, a Greek, who is an amateur patron of female singers in general, not without reasons of his own, also confesses a conditional attachment to her in very good broken English, and offers to take her to Italy to study the art of singing methodically. Captain Gambier, who slightly embarrasses Wilfrid by cutting out a similar parallel with his rival in his rear, makes No. 3 of her professed admirers, and tempts her with a like offer. Tracy Runningbrook, a poet, is a distant adorer of the vocal enchantress. Merthyr Powys, a Welsh devotee in the cause of Italian unity—upon which Emilia also has a sort of "bee in her bonnet"—and who contrives to enlist both himself and her in the ranks of a fraternity headed by an apostle of liberty, whose name is but thinly disguised under that of Marini,—Powys, we say, goes almost insane on her account; while so cold and coy withal is "the dark ladye," though described as possessing fiery feelings and a tropical temperament, that the reader is left uncertain as to which of her five suitors she prefers; Wilfrid and Powys, however, appearing, as we lose sight of them round the corner, a little ahead of their competitors. Finally, art triumphs over nature—Pericles carries off the prize to the Conservatorio. She heroically resolves to defer the indulgence of her heart's passion to the cultivation of her voice, the liberation of her country, and the accumulation of bank notes. In the pursuit, if not the accomplishment, of these interesting and "energizing" objects, we may expect sometime hence to meet her again. The loves of Lady Charlotte Chillingford and Wilfrid, and the latter's "declaration" to the titled lady within the hearing of Emilia, which would constitute a rather effective scene if represented on the stage, are graphically told, though to the detriment of the inconstant hero; so are sundry lively passages between the enamoured widow and the disgusted daughters of her "dear Pole;" while Cornelia's distraction between her lovers, Sir Twickenham Pryme and Sir Purcell Barrett, and Adela's ambitious craftiness in interposing between them, and endeavouring to secure one for herself, contribute not a little to the complications of the story, varied additionally by the alternations of success and ever-impending beggary, to which city merchants of Mr. Pole's class, with "rich argosies" afloat, or reported as foundering at sea, are naturally liable, especially in novels. Champagne suppers, pic-nics, yachting cruises, theatres, operas, and green-room life, fill up the interstices of the narrative, with occasional philosophical reflections of the school of Pisistratus Caxton.



## POEMS BY HELEN BURNSIDE.\*

A PECULIAR and a touching history is attached to this little volume of poems. In a brief preface by the authoress's brother, we learn that, in the year 1852, when only twelve years of age, Miss Burnside entirely lost her hearing from a severe attack of scarlet fever, which at the same time proved fatal to two of her brothers, a sister, and an aunt. In 1862 her mother died; and traces of these misfortunes are to be found running through the short pieces here collected, which were originally written with no view to publication, but simply for private perusal. It has now, however, been determined to print them, and, as the productions of an authoress who is for ever shut out from one of the chief sources of physical enjoyment and sensuous perception of external influences, they possess an interest of their own which will recommend them to all sympathetic readers. The verses of a writer who is incapable of hearing the harmonies of music, and for whom the infinite modulations and subtly-contrasted voices of nature are simply non-existent, must, one would think, be in themselves harsh and dissonant, or at least wanting in positively melodious utterance. Yet Miss Burnside's poems are always flowing and pleasant. Some rather imperfect rhymes we have, indeed, noted, which may possibly be attributable to inability to test the sound of the words by the physical ear itself; but many poets who have had their hearing in perfection have been equally lax. The general characteristics of the verses are those of quiet domesticity, of home affections, of cheerful resignation to a misfortune sent by Heaven, and of pure religious feeling. These are elements which, even without the presence of strong imaginative or creative power, often go to the composition of a species of poetry very gentle, soothing, refined, and graceful; and such is the case with the Muse of Miss Burnside. One of the best poems in her volume is that entitled "Never More," which has reference to her own deprivation. We always strike our deepest notes when we give expression to self-pity; not for a selfish reason, in the gross acceptance of the word, but because we know our own sorrows in a more intimate sense than those of any other person, and are therefore less likely, as it were, to equivocate with truth, and to miss the simple feeling in clever theorizing about it. Thus, Milton, when writing of his blindness, wrote with a poignancy of pathos which was certainly not a general characteristic of his writings. The concluding lines in Miss Burnside's autobiographical poem strike us as very beautiful:—

"Let me not use the gift that Thou hast given  
In questioning the high decrees of Heaven;  
Rather let me in my lot rejoice.  
'Never!'—nay, I shrink not at the fiat,  
For the first sound that breaks the solemn quiet  
Will be the music of my Master's voice."

Two of the poems published in this volume were written in the authoress's childhood. It might have been as well to omit them; for the composition of the very young is rarely of sufficient merit for preservation.

## LIFE-LIGHTS OF SONG.†

THE second volume of this valuable and interesting series, the titles of the whole of which as projected by the editor were given on a former occasion in these columns, has made its appearance, and is now before us. The selections in the present instance are made with the like care, and under the guidance of the same taste and happy discernment of merit, as in the "Songs of God and Nature." The editor's object is to furnish in some measure a means of remedying one of the great defects of the age—a want of sympathy between the different classes of society, and between individuals in the every-day relations of life. There is no doubt, we apprehend, that in some respects the progress of civilization and refinement, by rendering people more independent of each other, tends to personal isolation. To inculcate, therefore, this sympathy, now, under these circumstances, in danger of being neglected or lost sight of, is the object of the present selection.

"Love and brotherhood (says the editor), charity and kindness, mercy and forbearance, all in fact that is embraced by the great Christian precept of 'love one another,' are here embodied in the attractive and persuasive language of song. The love that binds heart to heart within the hallowed precincts of the family circle, and the brotherhood that links man to man, and neighbour to neighbour, in the wider field of the world, form the sole themes of the volume—themes that the poet can invest with an interest which the prose writer would labour in vain to excite. . . . The main endeavour has been to find pieces applicable to every relation of life; brief, and embodying, if possible, a single sentiment that the memory may readily recall; and in every instance breathing throughout a truly catholic and cosmopolitan spirit."

Many of the compositions thus selected are among the choicest in the language for depth and tenderness of feeling, for purity of sentiment, for brilliancy of illustration, and for expression of the devout affections of the heart to its holiest human objects. The selections made from the wide and fertile fields of English and American poetry range over a period of nearly three centuries, and include several minor poems from authors of the present day.

\* Poems by Helen Burnside. London: Hatchard & Co.

† Life-Lights of Song; Songs of Love and Brotherhood. Edited by David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Author of "The Philosophy of Geology," &c. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

## THE FIRST USE OF THE MICROSCOPE.\*

Of course, as we get older and more experienced, we naturally think less and less of those elementary beginnings of research which we had to make in the early days of youth. But, as we pass onwards to higher and higher efforts of inductive science, as we approach the final goal of our terrestrial existence, others of a younger generation are commencing their careers. No one philosophical instrument, not even the telescope, possesses such universal interest or is of such extended utility as the microscope, and the first object of every student nowadays, rich or poor, is to obtain a good one. Most likely the student desires it for some special purpose; but, having got it, he will naturally wish to extend his observation beyond the limited sphere to which he will mostly restrict it. He will also want to know how best to prepare the objects he specially desires to examine, that they may be seen most clearly and to most advantage. He will also have friends who desire to see objects they have collected or heard of; and so in numerous ways the young microscopist will be led to branch out in numerous most attractive directions. If he live in the country, he will probably have at most but few friends to instruct him; and even if he have fortunately many, he cannot always be troubling them for aid. Books, therefore, are at once his friends, teachers, and servants. They advise, instruct, and help him. Dr. Griffith, the author of the excellent little work before us, is one of the authors of the well-known and widely-circulated "Micrographic Dictionary," a full-sized work, containing numerous plates and references to nearly every microscopic object known. Such a work, although by no means dear for its size and class, is still expensive, and is too full, too comprehensive—in short, beyond what a beginner requires. This elementary text-book is just what he does want. It has twelve full coloured plates, containing above 450 figures; it gives a complete elementary course of instruction in the use of the instrument, and its application to the examination of the structure of plants and animals. The technical terms are explained so as to facilitate the future study of larger works, and the figures given comprise the principal organic structures, and those minute forms of animal and vegetable life which are most commonly and readily procurable; while a chapter is devoted, with appropriate drawings, to the optical principles on which the action of the microscope depends. In conclusion, a sketch is given of the theory and effects of polarized light.

## THE DANES, SKETCHED BY THEMSELVES.†

MOST of the tales collected in these volumes have already appeared in various periodicals of the day, and the translator has very rightly judged the present to be an opportune moment for their republication. They are above the average of magazine stories, and give us a favourable impression of the lighter class of literary compositions current among our much-enduring friends across the Sound. Noticeable for simple description of local scenery and national character, for variety of style and occasional originality of construction in the plot, these *novellettes*, it may be safely predicted, will agreeably entertain all who once commence their perusal. There appears to be a strong vitality in the national character, under its literary not less than its political aspect, which not unfrequently betrays itself; and an especial antipathy to German habits and German society which, read by the light of passing events, is significant enough. Several poetical legends by Hans Christian Andersen and other Danish verse-writers are intermixed with the prose compositions which form the bulk of these volumes, among the contributors to which we find the names of Oehlenschläger, Bernhard, Carit Etlar, Baggesen, Ingemann, and others of various degrees of reputation in Scandinavian literature.

## THE MAGAZINES.

*Blackwood* continues the "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Tony Butler," and the reflections of Cornelius O'Dowd "Upon Men, Women, and other Things in General." Forsyth's "Life of Cicero" supplies the subject of a critical article. An amusing account of the Ionian Islands, but more especially of Corfu, written in a light and familiar style by one who calls himself "Bono-Johnny," and who says he is "an old Corfiote," is followed by a more solid essay on "The Great Indian Question," viz., the land question, the writer of which strongly opposes Sir Charles Wood's recently expressed determination to introduce the principle of perpetual settlement gradually into all India. In the final article—"The Position of the Ministry"—a Tory view is taken of existing politics, starting with the text that "the rule of the Liberal party, exceptionally prolonged for some years past by the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston, is at length visibly drawing to a close."

*Fraser* starts with an article on the recent judgment of the Privy Council in the cases of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, the object of which is to advocate, on behalf of the clergy, the most complete liberty of discussion in relation to the Bible, and therefore to support the Judgment and to oppose the Oxford Declaration. A criticism on the fourth and last volume of Mr. Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the

\* An Elementary Text-Book of the Microscope, including a Description of the Methods of Preparing and Mounting Objects. By J. W. Griffith, M.D. London: J. Van Voorst.

† The Danes, Sketched by Themselves. A Series of Popular Stories by best Danish Authors. Translated by Mrs. Bushby. Three vols. Lond. R. Bentley.



Great" seems to be written with fairness and due appreciation. Another work is also subjected to analysis—Lady Cowper's amusing "Diary;" and Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poem, "The Infant Bridal," is criticised in an admiring spirit. "The Country Parson" utters "Some Thoughts on Going Away" in his wonted style of picturesqueness, humour, and keen though quiet observation of the common phases of life. A new tale is commenced under the title of "Gilbert Rugee;" two or three poems and essays are thrown in as make-weight; and the number concludes with a trenchant attack on Sir Emerson Tennent's "Story of the Guns," in which Sir Emerson is accused of having dishonestly endeavoured to prejudice Sir William Armstrong by "a wholesale series of misquotations of printed documents and books." The writer supports this assertion by citing several instances, and winds up by asking—"Does public opinion afford no protection against such literary art as this? Is the method noble? Is it ignoble? It is for the readers of this paper to decide."

*Macmillan* contains some very capital articles. The last of the "Letters from a Competition Wallah" treats of "Education in India since 1835," and includes a very brilliant and interesting minute (hitherto unpublished) of Lord Macaulay on the question, much debated in 1835 in the Committee of Public Instruction sitting at Calcutta, as to whether the education of the natives of India should be in the Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit languages, or in English. Macaulay was President of the Committee, and, as may be supposed, was strongly on the English side of the discussion. Lord William Bentinck endorsed this minute, with which he expressed his entire concurrence; and subsequent events have fully confirmed the judgment of both. The young Hindoos of the present day, as we are told by the writer of the article, are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of English literature and of Western science; but they are accused of superficiality and insincerity. On the other hand, our own countrymen in India are taken to task for the insolence and tyranny with which they treat the subject natives. The other important articles in the number are—Professor Masson's continuation of "Dead Men whom I have known," containing a vivid and most pictorial description of Edinburgh; an essay by Mr. Goldwin Smith propounding the question, "Has England an Interest in the Disruption of the American Union?" which those who are acquainted with that gentleman's views do not need to be told he determines in the negative; "Kant and Swedenborg," an account of a criticism, written in the form of a letter, by the great German metaphysician on the great Scandinavian mystic, and not favourable to the latter; and Part III. of Mr. Mathew Arnold's "French Eton." "The Hillyars and the Burtons," and "A Son of the Soil," are continued.

In the *Cornhill*, we have the third division of Mr. Thackeray's posthumous work. The identity, hinted at in the last number, between a certain Mr. Joseph Weston and the masked highwayman whom Denis shot in the face on his journey to London, is more clearly stated in these later chapters. At the instigation of this rascal, the poor youth, who has now reached twenty years of age, is taken up on a false charge of stealing, but, being able to disprove the imputation, is triumphantly set free. The present instalment concludes with the breaking out of war between France and England, on account of the assistance given by the former to our revolted American colonies. Mademoiselle Agnes de Barr, who, it will be recollected, is Denis's flame, naturally sides with her countrymen; and the number concludes with a tender little scene between the lovers. "You will never be my enemy, Denny; will you?" she said, looking up. "My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you for ever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the sea-shore; and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." This is the passage to which Mr. Dickens alluded, in his tribute to his deceased friend in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, as being the point at which Thackeray left off correcting the proof sheets, just before his death. The present number, besides "Denis Duval," contains further chapters of "Margaret Denzil's History," and amusing articles on Garibaldi's Sicilian and Neapolitan expeditions in 1860, the life and opinions of Socrates, the recently established institutions for the relief of the blind, the characteristics of the modern country gentleman, &c. The paper entitled "A Day's Pleasure with the Criminal Classes," giving an account of a prize fight, is rather out of place, though cleverly written. It simply repeats what we all knew before on a nasty and revolting subject.

The *Dublin University* opens with an article on Garibaldi's life and achievements, highly laudatory of the man. Madame George Sand's "History of her Life" forms the subject of a review; Dante of a critical article, in which the writer expresses an opinion that in pure sublimity the Florentine was inferior to our own Milton. "An Old Irish Actor and his Times, from 1691 to 1721," is a sketch of the career of Thomas Dogget, the founder of "Dogget's coat and badge," annually rowed for on the Thames—a man worth knowing something more about. The story of another noteworthy person, whose life was a romance—Theodore of Corsica—is related under the head of "A King for an Hour." An article on the Whitworth, Armstrong, and other modern guns, and some agreeable essays and poems, complete the number, which, altogether, is a very good one.

The *Eclectic* presents us with papers on Mr. Forster's "Life of Sir John Eliot," on "The Sacred Poetry of Heathendom," on "The Apostle Paul," on "Thackeray, the Preacher," on the quarrel between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman (the upshot of which is, that, although drawn by his impulsiveness into some verbal contradictions and difficulties, Mr. Kingsley is right in the main), and the "Psalmody of the Reformation."

The second number of *The Fisherman's Magazine* is rich in articles calculated to interest the disciples of old Isaac Walton.

The *Musical Monthly* contains its usual piece of music (illustrated) and its accompanying literary matter.

The *Baptist Magazine* commences a series of articles on Calvin, and has several other papers specially addressed to the religious world.

Whoever cares to know something of the daily lives, habits, social status, and general condition of the men who drive us about, at all hours of the day and night, in hackney carriages, should read an article on "The Cabmen of London" in the May number of the *Social Science Review*. The subject is one which we have ourselves recently handled; but it is here treated with more detail and elaboration than would be possible in our very circumscribed space, and evidently by a writer who has studied the topic in all its bearings. The same number also contains essays on "The Diseases of Overworked Men," on "Marriage in the Army and Navy," on "The Cure of Habitual Drunkenness," on "Ozone," and on "The Relation of Crime and Insanity," besides reviews, abstracts, &c.

The principal articles in the *Victoria Magazine* are an account of the labours of Sir James Hudson in Brazil for the suppression of the slave trade, a paper on "The London Needlewomen," full of painfully interesting details, and "A Letter from a Danish Officer," giving some particulars of the fearful struggle now going on in the North of Europe. Mr. Trollope's "Lindisfarne Chase" reaches the close of Part XIII., and Mr. Nassau Senior continues his "Journal kept in Egypt." The publishing of this Magazine is now transferred to Messrs. Ward & Lock; but the editing and printing remain in the hands of Miss Emily Faithfull.

Welcome every month in many a home for many a year has been, and still is, the *Art Journal*. Mr. Carter Hall must be growing old in the service of this excellent periodical, and grey hairs must be gathering round the brow of that best of caterers for the artistic world. It will be hard, indeed, to fill his editorial place whenever it shall become vacant. "Puck and the Fairies" is the first plate that meets our eyes, and, honestly, we are almost fain to go no farther. It is a charming engraving of Dadd's charming picture. The "Walk in South Wales" is illustrated with several woodcuts, drawn by Birket Foster, and is a short but very entertaining article. Mr. Wright goes on with his "Grotesque in Art," and is this month pictorial, if we may use the word, with the very quaintest of woodcuts. The second plate is from Turner's "View of Oviato." Nobody has well engraved Turner's pictures since Turner died,—the engravers miss the old painter's hints and help. In the "British Artists" series, we have in the present number "Charles Baxter," accompanied by some fine woodcuts by Butterworth and Heath. The statuary plate presents us with Mrs. Thornycroft's pretty statue of "The Hunter" (Prince Arthur). The number is altogether a very pleasing one.

The *Art Student* continues its articles on the German schools of art (Dusseldorf school), and has a very good notice of the Mulready Exhibition. It has also an article on "Photography on Wood," which, as a successful operation, we do as yet not believe in. Wood engravers generally are too much of hacks, too much mere machines, to be trusted without the artist's pencil-lines. We have heard great professions of wood-cutting and photography on wood in some quarters, but have not found them realized. The article on "Stage Effects" is clever and amusing.

The May number of the *Intellectual Observer* deserves to be bought were it only for the sake of Mr. Jackson's article on "Cycads." There is, as he truly says, "something strange and peculiar about the cycads—something weird and pre-Adamitish about their appearance—which fixes our attention at the first glance." Equally interesting are they as living illustrations of some of the finest and strangest of the fossil plants of our secondary rocks. The rest of the Magazine possesses fully its usual character, with the exception of a meagre article on the "Phosphates used in Agriculture," the author of which speaks very wandringly about the state of the phosphates in the green-sand strata, and only once casually mentions the labours of Mr. Way, omitting all mention of Dr. Buckland and the Rev. Professor Henslow, as also of that clever chemist and geologist, who did more than any other man to establish in the country the commercial manufacture of the super-phosphates from the mineral nodules—the late John Nesbit. The author also seemingly claims in it to have been the first to notice phosphate of lime in fossil wood. Fossil wood exists in large quantities in the Gault, highly impregnated with phosphate of lime, in some cases to the extent of 48 per cent., and very commonly from 30 to 42 per cent. This was well known more than thirty years ago, and the late Mr. Nesbit and other chemists have made numerous analyses.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

"Post Tenebras Lux;" or, the Gospel Message to Him who desires to Believe. By the Rev. G. D. SNOW. With an Introduction by the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M.A. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—Mr. Snow is one of that modern band of clergymen, who, to some extent, sympathise with the ideas and difficulties of freethinkers, and who are inclined to favour neoteric opinions in religion. This would be sufficiently obvious from his getting Mr. F. D. Maurice to write an Introduction to his book; but it is still more obvious in the book itself. The design proposed to be accomplished by Mr. Snow is to prove that the man who desires to live righteously, even though he may reject the Christian religion and all religion, is under the influence of the Divine Spirit, and that we are not to suppose that death cuts off from such a man all chance of becoming converted to the faith of Christ, and of thus partaking of ultimate salvation. The "hunger and thirst after righteousness" he looks upon as the great test as to whether a man has or has not in him the elements of Christianity—not the belief in any set of opinions, nor the mere desire, on the one hand, for celestial bliss in the future, or the fear, on the other hand, of eternal misery and vengeance. Whether Mr. Snow disbelieves in eternal punishment absolutely, and under all circumstances, does not clearly appear; but he certainly reduces it within much narrower limits than is usual among clergymen. Mr. Maurice's preface has much the same tone; but the book is worth reading, as a specimen of the kind of thought now current in a section of the Church.



*What I saw in Syria, Palestine, and Greece: A Narrative from the Pulpit.* By S. Smith, M.A., Vicar of Lois Weedon, and Rural Dean (Longman & Co.).—Mr. Smith has published a second edition of his work, in which, he informs us, there is little that differs from the first edition beyond a slight change which it has been thought advisable to make in the title.

*The History of Scotland, from the Accession of Alexander III. to the Union.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo).—We have here the first volume of a cheap edition of Mr. Tytler's celebrated Scottish History, printed in a style uniform with the People's Edition of Lord Macanlay's "History of England." The mode of issue is in Monthly Parts, price 1s., of which there will be sixteen, divided into four volumes, price 4s. 6d. each. The page is in double columns, and the type clear and distinct.

*Noctes Ambrosianæ.* By Professor Wilson. Vol. IV. (Blackwood & Sons).—This new edition of the strange, wild, eloquent, poetic, and humorous *Noctes*, is brought to a close in the volume before us. It is here that that grand phrase occurs, "the Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for ever," spoken with reference to Leigh Hunt, between whom and "Christopher North" there had been fierce warfare in earlier years, though both now, figuratively speaking, embraced, and forgot all but their genius and their geniality. It is always delightful to find that the generosity of strong natures is superior, in the end, to their antagonisms.

No. VI. of the *Autographic Mirror* contains an autograph of the Pope, and letters written by Sontag, Metternich, Nesselrode, Pasta, Weber, Mendelssohn, Boieldieu, and Halévy; a canon dedicated by Cherubini to Sontag; an air by the latter; verses by Eugène Scribe; letters from T. P. Cooke, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Compton; a sketch of the Countess Guiccioli by Count D'Orsay, and a spirited caricature by Thackeray. The portrait of the Countess Guiccioli, one of Byron's flames, was taken in 1839, and makes her look younger than we should have imagined she would have looked at that date. When completed, this publication will undoubtedly contain some very curious and valuable facsimiles.

*Jeems, the Doorkeeper: A Lay Sermon.* By John Brown, M.D., author of "Rab and his Friends" (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas).—With much humour and pathos, with a fine perception of character, and a masterly power of delineating it, Dr. Brown has sketched for us, in a few pages, the portrait of an old Scotch weaver, the doorkeeper of Broughton-place Church—an oddity in personal appearance and in mental characteristics, but possessing a grand, simple, truthful, and devout nature. Thence, by a transition that is certainly rather arbitrary, the author proceeds to his lay sermon, which is marked by no very peculiar characteristics.

Part III. of Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (Longman & Co.) has been published. It contains the commencement of the writer's history of his religious opinions, of which there are to be two more parts. This division of the work will form a distinct treatise in itself, and, when completed, we shall examine it at large. At present, it is but a fragment, and one could hardly do it justice by a fragmentary notice.

#### THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

THE Shakespeare Festival has come to a close. The final dramatic performances at the latter end of last week were in accordance with the previous announcements, and the appearance of Mdle. Stella Colas as Juliet seems to have given much satisfaction to the Stratfordians. The popular entertainments at reduced prices commenced on Saturday and closed on Wednesday, and the town has by this time returned to its usual state of quietude. One of the pleasantest features of the Tercentenary celebration at Stratford was the Shakespearean Fancy Ball given in the Pavilion on the evening of Friday, the 29th ult. The display was very brilliant; the dresses were varied, gorgeous, and, for the most part, appropriate; and some beautiful flowers of female loveliness graced the scene in the guise of Desdemona, Ophelia, Olivia, Hermione, Miranda, Cordelia, Hermia, &c.

Another ball took place on Monday night; but the town had by that time probably emptied itself of most of its visitors, and the excitement of the festival had died out. The result was, that not more than 140 persons assembled, and the affair was not very brilliant. The balloon ascent has also proved a failure, being first postponed on account of a high wind, and ultimately abandoned because of the inability of the gas company to supply the gas necessary for inflation. "The pageant committee" have twice paraded the streets in the costumes of Shakespeare's characters, and the townspeople have had the privilege of seeing for nothing the glories of the Garrick jubilee of last century.

The Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's, have published their sermons preached at Stratford-on-Avon on the 24th. They are both very eloquent, and happily combine criticism on Shakespeare's genius with a due amount of religious teaching.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

We have received a letter from a correspondent signing himself "A. A. A." with reference to our remarks on Mr. Howard Staunton's reproduction by photo-lithography of the Folio Shakespeare of 1623. The writer says that he has examined the facsimile by the originals in Bridgewater House and the British Museum, and finds it to be perfectly accurate. We have no objection to our correspondent making this statement in our columns, though we have already given instances in which the facsimile differs from the copy in the British Museum; and we would even have printed the whole letter, had it been written in a style usual amongst gentlemen. But when a controversialist so far forgets himself as to foam at the mouth, so to speak, with downright oburgation, and, while professing not to impute motives,

imputes them again and again, he cannot expect the same treatment which we should be happy to render him under other circumstances.

We are informed that "The Roll of Caerlaverock," mentioned in our last number, was originally published, with the accompanying Anglo-Norman poem, some years since, by Sir Harris Nicolas. The coats of arms, however, were there given simply in outline.

Mr. James Augustus St. John, whose "History of the Four Conquests of England" was published some two or three years ago, is engaged on a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," based in great part on original documents.

Transatlantic papers mention the decease of Mr. William D. Ticknor, head of the eminent publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, which took place at Philadelphia on the 9th ult. The *Philadelphia Press* gives the following account of Mr. Ticknor's last moments:—"He arrived here on Tuesday, accompanying his friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., the author, whose health demanded change of scene and air. On Thursday, both gentlemen called upon the writer of this obituary, who heard, with pleasure, that Mr. Hawthorne's health already had improved, brief as his absence from his New England home had been, and noticed that Mr. Ticknor looked remarkably well, apparently enjoying rude health. That afternoon both gentlemen took a drive to Point Breeze Park, in company with a friend, and there Mr. Ticknor first complained of not feeling quite well, saying that he must have taken cold. On Friday morning, he sent for a physician, and did not leave his room that day. On Saturday, his doctor considered him so much worse, although not dangerously ill, that he thought it right to telegraph for Mr. Ticknor's family. That evening he became so much worse that a consulting physician was called in. He was pronounced to be dangerously ill, seemed fully aware of his condition, and repeatedly expressed his sorrow at not being able to take leave of his dear wife and children. Mr. Hawthorne, who never left him from the time he was taken ill, held his hand at the moment he breathed his last, and is deeply affected by the severe blow which has deprived him of a friend, counsellor, and man of business. Every attention was paid to Mr. Ticknor at the 'Continental' during his illness, and his numerous friends in this city were constant and anxious in their inquiries." Mr. Ticknor was a man of considerable literary ability, and his house has long been a place of resort for the artists and authors of America, and those of their English friends who journey so far.

It is more than probable that the next Parliament will number another literary man amongst its members. A deputation of influential electors of the borough of Finsbury having waited upon Mr. Hughes, author of "Tom Brown," on the subject of his representing the borough in the next session of Parliament, he has since addressed a letter to Mr. Walker, of High Holborn, one of the deputation, in which he states—"I have spent the greater part of so many of the best years of my life in Finsbury, and have so many ties to it, that I should not mind making some sacrifice to represent the borough in preference to a distant one which might cost me less;" and concludes with—"I will stand for Finsbury on the next vacancy."

A novel, with a strange, not to say suggestive, title, is announced:—"Agnes Willoughby." It is rumoured that the author's previous works are well known, but that in this instance he objects to affix his name to the story.

The determination of French teachers to provide for Englishmen a "Royal road" to learning has received a fresh exemplification in the recent edition of "Ne Coiffe, Born to Good Luck: being the whole French language in a single tale, French and English, written for those who can only study by fits and starts." Half a century ago, the bold proposition was made that the French language might be acquired in twelve months. Some twenty-five years since Mr. Hamilton mentioned six months as the time that would be occupied in giving to the dull Englishman a thorough knowledge of the language as spoken in Paris. Now, we are assured in many quarters, a fluency in Parisian speech may be attained in six weeks, and an entire knowledge of the subject in "six easy lessons."

Shakespeare's name figures just now more than any other in the account books and catalogues of the large traders of Paternoster-row. During the past ten days, an edition of "Shakespeare's Sonnets and other Poems" has, for the first time, been printed for the million; and, wonderful to relate, the publisher (much to his own astonishment) finds that he must again go to press. A new edition of the "Dramatic Works, revised for Girls," has been edited by Rosa Baughar, on the principle of "a thorough weeding, instead of the half measures to which we have been accustomed."

Lord Houghton will take the chair at the inaugural dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, to be held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 21st instant.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Frank Smedley, the well-known author, which occurred on Sunday afternoon, at his town residence, Grove Lodge, Regent's-park. Mr. Smedley's novels—"Frank Fairfield, or the Adventures of a Private Pupil," "Lewis Arundel," and "Harry Coverdale's Courtship"—had a wide and a deserved popularity. His last work was a volume of humorous poetry, called "Mirth and Metre," written in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Edmund Yates. Mr. Smedley was in his 50th year. The cause of his death was apoplexy.

Mountain Excursions in the Venetian, Carnic, and Julian Alps, is the subject of the new volume shortly to be issued, uniform with the publication of the Alpine Club. The title of the work, which will be published by Messrs. LONGMAN & Co., is, "The Dolomite Mountains: Excursions through Tyrol, Carinthia, Carniola, and Friuli, in 1861, 1862, and 1863." It is a joint compilation, and the title-page will bear the names of J. Gilbert and G. C. Churchill, F.G.S., as the authors. The work will contain a geological chapter, and the spots of interest will be given in several illustrations from original drawings.



Captain Speke's new volume, entitled, "What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," will be published in May by Messrs. BLACKWOOD & SONS.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, the author of the "Life of Dr. Doyle," is preparing an anecdotal memoir of the late Archbishop Whately. The book will contain a collection of the Archbishop's sayings. Miss Whately is also preparing for publication a selection from his commonplace book.

Sir Lascelles Wrexall's "Life and Times of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, from Family Documents and State Papers," will be published in June.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & CO. announce "The Danes in Camp: Letters from Sönderborg," by the Hon. Auberon Herbert.

MESSRS. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS will publish in a few days, in 1 vol. demy 8vo., with illustrations sketched from nature, a new work by the author of "The Old Forest Ranger," entitled, "My Indian Journal. Containing Descriptions of the Principal Field Sports of India; with Notes on the Natural History and Habits of the Wild Animals of the Country; a Visit to the Neilgherry Hills, and a Cruise to the Nicobar and Andaman Islands. By Colonel Walter Campbell."

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. announce "Haunted Hearts," an entirely new novel, by the author of "The Lamplighter," 2 vols. post 8vo.; "More Secrets than One," by H. Holl, author of "The Old House in Crosby-square," 3 vols.; and "The Children of Lutetia," by Blanchard Jerrold, 2 vols. post 8vo., cloth.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'s latest list of works in the press includes a first volume of Signor Mazzini's Autobiography and Works, translated; "Women of France during the 18th Century," by Julia Kavanagh, author of "Women of Christianity," &c., with eight steel portraits; and "Rambles in the Rocky Mountains, with a Visit to the Gold Fields of Colorado," by Maurice O'Connor Morris, late Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Annual of Scientific Discovery, 1864. Edited by D. A. Wells. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Beeton's Shakespeare Memorial. Fol., 1s. 6d.  
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d. (Nimmo's edition).  
 Burdon (Rev. J. W.), Treatise on the Pastoral Office. 8vo., 12s.  
 Deep Waters, by A. H. Drury. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 De Vere (A.), The Infant Bridal, and other Poems. Fcap., 7s. 6d.  
 Diaries of a Lady of Quality, 1797-1844. Edited by A. Hayward. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Dunbar (R. W.), Beauties of Tropical Scenery, and other Poems. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Father Stirling: a Novel, by J. M. Allen. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 First Lessons in Geography. New edit. 18mo., 1s.  
 Gower (B.), Sabbath Teachings. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Grant (Jas.), Second to None. 3 Vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Greenwood (J. G.), Elements of Greek Grammar. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
 Inspired Writings (The) of St. John. A New Translation. Small 4to., 6s.  
 James (G. P. R.), Bernard Marsh. 2 Vols. Post 8vo., 21s.  
 Jameson (Mrs.), History of Our Lord exemplified in Works of Art. 2 Vols. Sq. 8vo., £2. 2s.  
 Kieser (J. C.), National Melodist. New edit. 4to., 6s.  
 Kingsley (Rev. C.), The Water Babies. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Lawson (W.), Outlines of Geography for Schools. 12mo., 3s.  
 Lemon (Mark), The Jest Book. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Lewin (W.), Her Majesty's Maids. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Locke (J.), Essay on the Human Understanding. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Marion, by Manhattan. 3 Vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Mendelssohn (Felix), Letters from Italy and Switzerland. 3rd edit. 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo., 5s. each.  
 Oliver (D.), Lessons in Elementary Botany. 18mo., 4s. 6d.  
 Philip's Imperial Library Atlas. Fol., £5. 5s.  
 Potts (R.) Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Books 1 & 2. New ed. 12mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Punch's Re-issue. Vol. XXXIX. 4to., 5s.  
 Rendell (Rev. E. D.), Antediluvian History, and Narrative of the Flood. New edit. 4to., 5s.  
 Russell (F. M.), Power and Duty of an Arbitrator. 3rd edit. Royal 8vo., 38s.  
 Select Library of Fiction.—Sir Jasper Carew. By C. Lever. Fcap., 2s.  
 Siebeck (R.), Picturesque Garden Plans. 4to., 21s.  
 Smith (S.), What I saw in Syria, Palestine, and Greece. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 Thomson's Poetical Works. Fcap., 3s. 6d. (Nimmo's edition).

#### MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

##### MONDAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—At 8½ P.M. "On the Physical Geography of the Region between Valdivia and La Plata, and on a newly-discovered low Pass across the Andes. By Senor Cox. Translated and communicated by Sir Woodbine Parish, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

##### TUESDAY.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL.—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Statistics of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital." By Dr. G. B. Brodie. 2. "On the Occurrence of an Additional Muscle to the Sub-clavius." By Mr. Berkeley Hill.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—At 8 P.M. "On the Manufacture of Coke." By M. Pernolet, of Paris.

ZOOLOGICAL.—At 9 P.M. "On a new Rat from Formosa." By Mr. R. Swinhoe.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall "On Animal Life."

STRO-EGYPTIAN.—At 7½ P.M.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the supposed Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages of Society." By John Crawford, Esq., F.R.S. 2. "On Empirical and Scientific Physiognomy as applied to the Study of Races of Man and Individuals." By Dr. Donovan.

##### WEDNESDAY.

GEOLOGICAL.—At 8 P.M. 1. "On a Section with Mammalian Remains near Thame." By Mr. T. Codrington. 2. "On a Deposit at Stroud containing Flint Implements." By Mr. E. Wicheil. 3. "On the Earthquake which occurred in England on October 6th, 1863." By Major J. Austin. 4. "On the White Limestone of Jamaica and its associated Intrusive Rocks." By Mr. A. Lennox.

GRAPHIC.—At 8 P.M.

MICROSCOPICAL.—At 8 P.M.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—At 8½ P.M. Anniversary.

##### THURSDAY.

ROYAL.—At 8½ P.M.

ANTIQUARIES.—At 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Mr. Hullah "On Music (1600-1750)."

##### FRIDAY.

ASTRONOMICAL.—At 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 8 P.M. "On the Mechanical use of Gun-cotton." By Mr. J. Scott Russell.

##### SATURDAY.

BOTANIC.—At 3½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At 3 P.M. Professor Frankland "On the Metallic Elements."

## THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, SOCIETY, LITERATURE, ART, &amp; SCIENCE.

Published every Saturday. 32 pages. Price Fourpence.

CONTENTS OF No. 200, APRIL 30, 1864:—

#### REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The Progress of the Conference.  
 Our Abortive Festival.  
 Messrs. Overend & Co. and Mr. Pearson.  
 Newspaper Press Benevolent Fund.  
 Kettledrums.  
 Garibaldi's Departure.  
 The Civil Service.  
 Our University Letter.

#### THE CHURCH:—

How shall the Church be supplied?  
 The Late Bishop of Ely.

#### SCIENCE.

#### FINE ARTS:—

The Society of Painters in Water-  
 Colours.  
 The French and Flemish Exhibition.  
 Music.

#### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

#### REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic in 1863.  
 The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel (Second Notice).  
 Garibaldi and Italian Unity.  
 Human Sadness.  
 Speculative Notes and Notes on Speculation.  
 From London to John O'Groat's.  
 Lost Lenore; or, the Adventures of a Rolling Stone.  
 Wanda; a Dramatic Poem.  
 Mr. Dickens's New Story.  
 Short Notices.  
 The Shakespeare Tercentenary.  
 Literary Gossip.  
 List of New Publications for the Week-Learned Societies.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

All Back Numbers of the LONDON REVIEW may be had direct from the Office on receipt of Stamps, or from any Newsagent.

The LONDON REVIEW can also be had, bound in cloth, as follows:—  
 Vol. I., 10s.; Vol. II., 13s.; Vol. III., 16s.; Vol. IV., 16s.; Vol. V., 16s.; Vol. VI., 10s. 6d. Vol. VII. (July to December, 1863) is now ready, price 10s. 6d.

Cases for binding the Volumes, and Reading Cases, price 1s. 6d. each, may also be had.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

FIVE PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES.

The Directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company hereby give notice that in accordance with the Act, the Third Call of £2. 10s. per share is payable on or before Monday, the 23rd May, 1864, at the Union Bank of London, Princes-street, Mansion-house, London; or at Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, London.

It will be necessary for the holder of the scrip to present the same to the Bankers at the time of making payment, in order to have the receipt properly filled up. The Five per Cent. interest will be paid on the 1st of March and on the 1st of September in each year.

By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

Bishopsgate Terminus, 14th April, 1864.

### GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE ARRANGEMENTS; commencing May 2, 1864.

London to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Hunstanton.

	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
*Monthly Family Tickets.....	32s. 0d. ...	25s. 0d. ...	—
Weekly Tickets.....	25s. 0d. ...	20s. 0d. ...	15s. 0d.

London to Aldborough.

*Monthly Family Tickets.....	26s. 0d. ...	21s. 0d. ...	—
Weekly Tickets.....	25s. 0d. ...	20s. 0d. ...	15s. 0d.

London to Harwich.

*Monthly Family Tickets.....	20s. 0d. ...	16s. 0d. ...	—
Weekly Tickets.....	17s. 6d. ...	12s. 6d. ...	8s. 6d.

Available by any train of corresponding class for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Aldborough, and Harwich, via Colchester and Woodbridge only, and to Hunstanton via Cambridge.

\*The Monthly Family Tickets will be issued to family parties of not less than three persons. The time may be extended on the payment of a small per centage at the Seaside Stations.

Extra Tickets may also during the month be obtained at the Seaside Stations, to enable one member of each family party to travel to London and back at half the monthly family ticket fares.

A New Fast Train, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, will leave London for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Aldborough, and Harwich, at 10 a.m., and a corresponding Up-train will leave Yarmouth at 9.50 a.m., and Lowestoft at 10 a.m., performing the journey each way in about 3½ hours.

London, April 18, 1864.

By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

### GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—First and Second Class RETURN TICKETS (Ordinary and Express) issued on FRIDAY, May 13, and intervening days, will be available for the Return Journey on any day up to and including SATURDAY, May 21.

By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

Bishopsgate Station, May 2, 1864.

### ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

FIRST EXHIBITION of PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT this Season, SATURDAY, May 21.

Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by orders from Fellows of the Society, price 5s., or on the day of Exhibition 7s. 6d. each.

Wax and other Models of Flowers will be exhibited at the same time.

Gates open at 2 o'clock.

### BEN RHYDDING.—This Establishment, situated on a bold eminence overlooking the picturesque valley of the Wharfe, is admirably adapted as a residence for those seeking health or merely rest from the bustle and fatigue of professional or commercial life.

The building, placed in the midst of 100 acres of pleasure grounds, possessing exquisite and varied views, is in the Scottish Baronial style, and was erected at a cost of fully £35,000.

For prospectuses, containing a detailed account of Ben Rhydding, with routes and statement of terms, address, Mr. GIBB, Manager, Ben Rhydding, Otley.